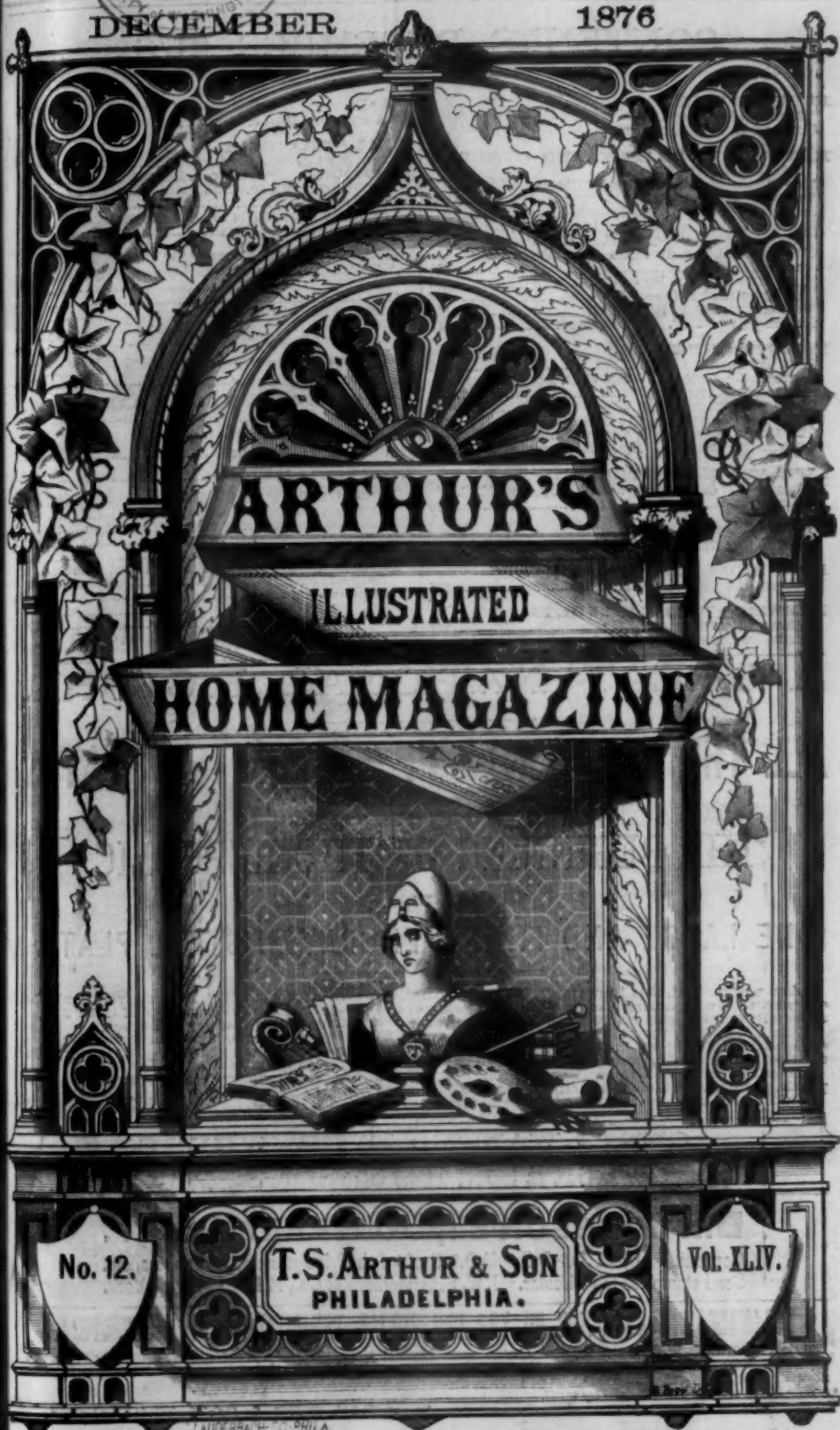




DECEMBER

1876



ARTHUR'S

ILLUSTRATED

HOME MAGAZINE

No. 12.

T.S. ARTHUR & SON
PHILADELPHIA.

Vol. XLIV.

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[Prepared expressly for "ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE," by E. BUTTERICK & CO.]

Ladies' and Children's Garments.



LADIES' COSTUME.—For Description see next Page.

DESCRIPTION OF LADIES' COSTUME.

(For Illustration see preceding Page.)

The costume illustrated is made of plain and striped cashmere, and has trimmings of the plain goods and plain velvet. The skirt is six-gored, and was cut by pattern No. 4413, price 35 cents, and is trimmed with a wide plaiting of the plain goods set on under a band of velvet blind-stitched to position.

The over-skirt has a square front and a full *bur-nous* back, and is made of striped cashmere and trimmed with velvet. The pattern used in cutting it is No. 4619, price 25 cents, and like that of the skirt is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches waist measure. A fancy pocket, formed of plain cashmere and plain velvet, is placed at the left side of the over-skirt, but for convenience this accessory

may be fashionably arranged on the right side instead.

The jacket closes at the back and is half-fitting. It has plain sleeves and was cut by pattern No. 4596, price 30 cents. A waist to be worn when the jacket is removed, is in Josephine style and was cut by pattern No. 3577, price 10 cents. This pattern, like that of the jacket, is in 13 sizes for ladies of from 28 to 46 inches bust measure. In making the suit for a lady of medium size, about $13\frac{1}{2}$ yards of striped goods, together with $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of plain, will be needed, in addition to $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of velvet. The hat is of felt and is faced with velvet. Fancy braid edges the brim, and silk loops and short plumes trim the outside. Tips are used for face-trimming.



4635

Front View.



4635

Back View.

LADIES' PRINCESS POLONAISE, DRAPED LOW AT THE BACK.

No. 4635.—This polonaise is made of serge, and stylishly trimmed with worsted tassel fringe. The label directs the use of a pocket at the right side only, though the engravings represent two. Full frills of the material finish the neck and wrists,

though silk or velvet may be used if preferred. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches bust measure, and costs 35 cents. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, $7\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required.

LADIES' MANTLE.

No. 4632.—The pattern to the charming wrap illustrated by these engravings is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required. The material represented is *drap d'été*, and the trimmings consist of tiny buttons, fringe, braid, and a silk fraise and bow. A lining of Farmer satin may be added if preferred. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



4632

Front View.



4632

Back View.



4612

Front View.



4612

Back View.

LADIES' SCARF-WRAP OVER-SKIRT.

No. 4612.—The over-skirt illustrated is made of *rigogne* and prettily trimmed with fluffy worsted fringe. It may be used with a Princess dress or sewed to the bottom of a cuirass basque. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and costs 35 cents. To make the over-skirt for a lady of medium size, $7\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide will be required.



4615

Front View.

CHILD'S LOUIS XVI. COSTUME.

No. 4615.—This little costume is made of *de bête*, and the pattern is in 7 sizes for children from 2 to 8 years of age. To make the costume for a child of four years, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



4615

Back View.

4618

Front View.

GIRLS' FRENCH DRESS, WITH SACK FRONT.

No. 4618.—The pattern to this little dress is suitable for any soft material used for girls' dresses, and is in 8 sizes for girls from 2 to 9 years of age. To make the dress for a girl of 7 years, 5 yards of goods, 27 inches wide, are needed. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



4618

Back View.

4638

Front View.

LADIES' PLAITED BASQUE WAIST.

No. 4638.—The pattern to the waist represented, is in 13 sizes for Ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

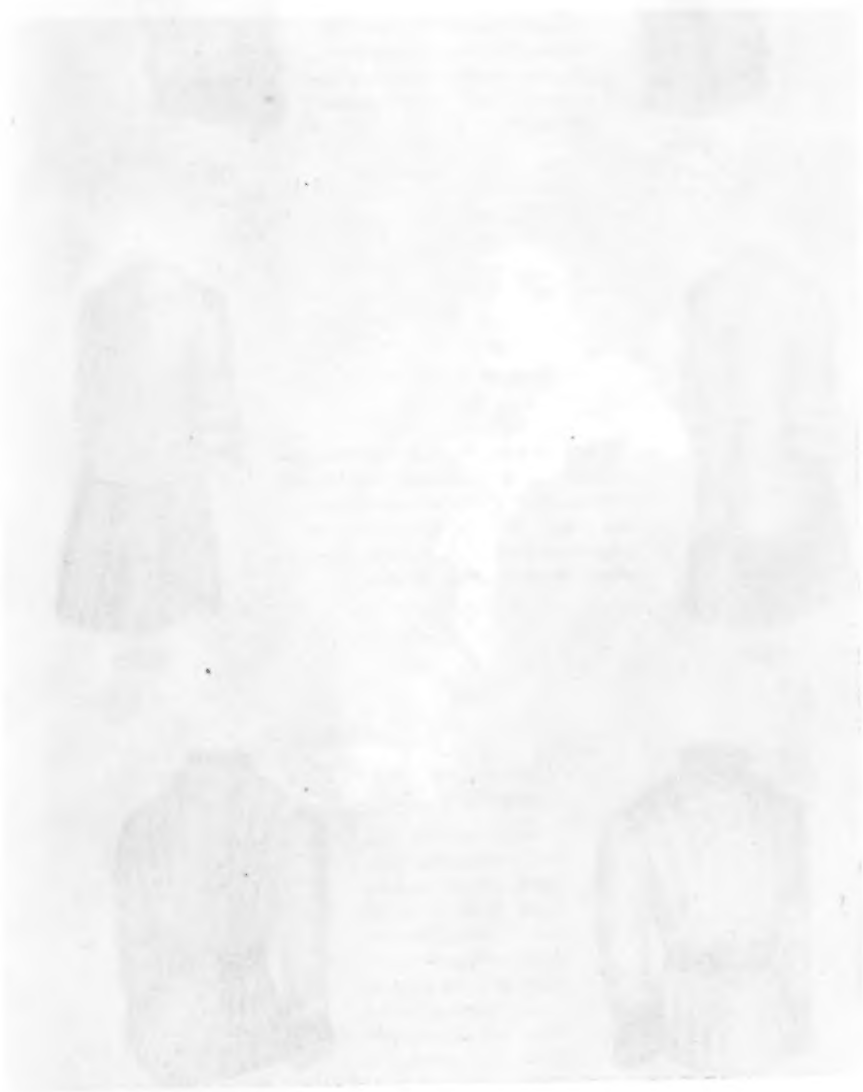


4638

Back View.

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AND
GEOGRAPHY
OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
1850



MISTRESS DOROTHY.

From a picture by G. A. Storey, in the International Exhibition at Philadelphia.



COURT OF LYONS—ALHAMBRA.



ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLIV.

DECEMBER, 1876.

No. 12.



THE BELLE.

History, Biography and General Literature.

THE BELLE.

BY E. CHARDON.

NOW goes she forth for conquest fully armed,
And panoplied with beauty and with
grace,
And rich attire of silk and costly lace,
Which wrap her form and half conceal her face;
While jewels flashing light,
And eyes of midnight splendor, still more
bright,
Her victims leave half vanquished and quite
charmed.

TOMBS OF THE EMPERORS.

NOT far from Peking is a circular valley, opening out from a great plain, surrounded by limestone peaks and granite domes, forming a barren amphitheatre. In this valley are the "Tombs of the Emperors." Here lie buried the Ming emperors, one of the most brilliant dynasties of Chinese history. The grandeur of its dimensions, and the awful desolation of the valley, make it a fit resting-place for the imperial dead of the last native dynasty. At the foot of the surrounding heights thirteen gigantic tombs, encircled



PORTICO TO THE TOMBS OF THE EMPERORS.

A queen, by right of beauty, not by strife,
Her subjects all who meet her where she goes,
Around her way a tide of homage flows.
Upon her courtiers she the gifts bestows
Of smiles and glances dear,
And words soft spoken in the listener's ear:
To win these many a man would risk his life.

Be merciful, fair queen, and then your meed
Will be the love of those o'er whom you reign.
Take not delight in giving keenest pain,
Nor seek to conquer to reject again.
Be true as truth can be;
Be noble, womanly and kind; and he
Who wins your heart will be a king indeed.

WISDOM is better without an inheritance, than
an inheritance without wisdom.

with green trees, are arranged in a semi-circle. Five majestic portals, about eight hundred yards apart, form the entrance to the tombs. From the portico giving entrance to the valley to the tomb of the first emperor, is more than a league, and the long avenue is marked first by winged columns of white marble, and next by two rows of animals, carved in gigantic proportions. Of these there are, on either side, two lions standing, two lions sitting, one camel standing, one kneeling, one elephant standing, one sitting, one dragon standing, one sitting, two horses standing, six warriors, courtiers, etc. The lions are fifteen feet high, and the others equally colossal, while each of the figures is carved from a single block of granite.

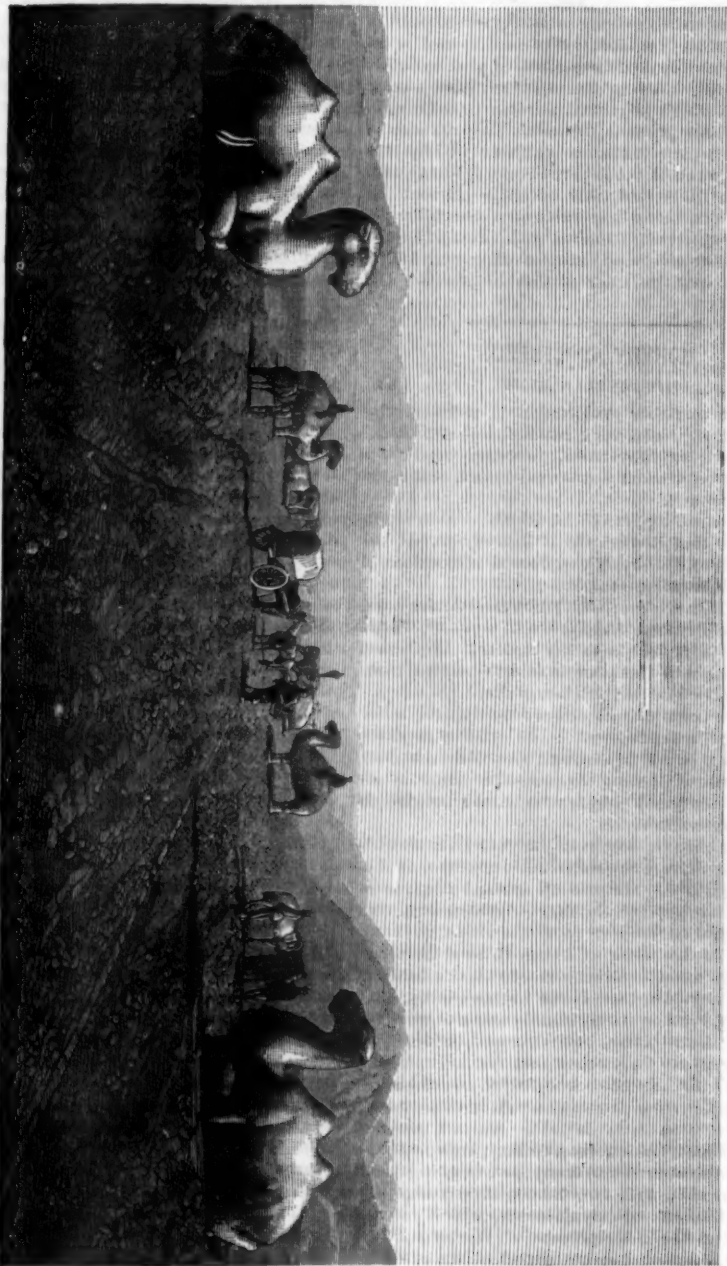
At the end of the avenue are the tombs, with groups of trees about them. Each tomb is really a temple, in which white and pink marble, por-

On
fe
fro
ro

phyry and carved teak-wood are combined, not, indeed, with harmony or taste, but, what is rare in China, with lines of great purity and severity.

teak timber eleven feet in circumference. Though these timbers have been in position over nine hundred years, they still appear to be sound; nor

AVENUE OF ANIMALS LEADING TO THE TOMBS OF THE EMPERORS.



One of the halls of these tombs is about a hundred feet long by about eighty wide. The ceiling is from forty to sixty feet high, and is supported by rows of pillars, each formed of a single piece of

has the austere splendor of the structure suffered in any degree. The sombre obscurity well befits these sepulchral dwellings, and the dull sound of the deadened gongs, struck by the guardians,

makes the vaults reverberate in a singular and impressive way.

Behind the memorial temple rises an artificial mound about fifty feet high, access to the top of which is given by a rising arched passage built of white marble. On the top of the mound is an imposing marble structure consisting of a double arch, beneath which is the imperial tablet, a large slab, upon which is carved a dragon standing on the back of a gigantic tortoise. The remains of the emperor are buried somewhere within this mound, though the exact spot is not known: this precaution, it is said, was taken to prevent the remains from being desecrated in a search for the treasures which were buried with him, while the persons who performed this last office were killed upon the spot, in order further to preserve the secret.

JOHNNY APPLESEED.

BY ROSELLA RICE.

I SAID to father yesterday: "I wonder why when I was a very little girl that I called fennel, or May-weed, 'Johnny-weed?' I never did only when I was very small, and none of us do so now."

"Have you forgotten?" he asked. "Don't you remember that it was called 'Johnny-weed' because poor old Johnny Appleseed introduced it into the then-called Western country?"

Really, I had forgotten it; but it all came back to me, and I remembered it well. Johnny-weed! And what a pest it is to the farmer! Well, that was all the evil the poor man left behind him, while the good he did will never die.

Then we began to talk about Johnny, and father became enthusiastic, and I did wish a reporter was sitting in an adjoining room with the door open, because Johnny Appleseed's name is familiar to many old people who would be glad to hear all about him.

He was born in Boston in the year 1775, and his name was John Chapman—not Jonathan, as it is generally called. He was an earnest disciple of the faith taught by Emanuel Swedenborg, and claimed that he had conversations with spirits and angels. In the bosom of his shirt he always carried a Testament and one or two old volumes of Swedenborg's works. These he read daily. He was a man rather above middle stature, wore his hair and beard long, and dressed oddly. He generally wore old clothes that he had taken in exchange for the one commodity in which he dealt—apple-trees. He was known in Ohio among the pioneers as early as 1811. An old uncle of ours, a pioneer in Jefferson county, Ohio, said the first time he ever saw Johnny he was going down the river, 1800, with two canoes lashed together, and well laden with apple-seeds, which he had obtained at the cider-presses of Western Pennsylvania. Sometimes he carried a bag or two of seeds on an old horse; but more frequently he bore them on his back, going from place to place on the wild frontier, clearing a little patch, surrounding it with a rude enclosure, and planting seeds therein. He had little nurseries all through

Ohio and Indiana. If a man wanted trees and was not able to pay for them, Johnny took his note, and if the man ever became able, and was willing to pay the debt, he took the money thankfully; but if not, it was well. Sometimes he took a coat, one of which we remember having seen. It was a sky-blue, light, very fine and firm and soft, made in the prevailing Quaker style, with bright silvery-looking buttons on it, two rows, as large at least as silver dollars. Some way the button-holes were out of sight, hidden by a fold, perhaps. The coat was a choice wedding garment of a wealthy young Quaker, and in time prosperity and its attendant blessings made the young man grow rotund in stature, and the coat did not fit. Then he had loops put on it; and finally he traded it to Johnny for trees; and Johnny's home was at my grandfather's, and by that means the coat came into our family, and hung by the year on a peg up-stairs.

We little Rices used to wear it at our private theatricals. It was good to wear during every performance we had. A pair of deer-skin pantaloons, a bell-crowned hat, the "Johnny coat," an Indian coat trimmed with something strange and always smelling of wigwam smoke, and our mother's camel cloak, completed our stock of costume. We have made the tails of the Johnny coat flutter like flags in Gilpin's ride and the witch on the broom. Our regret now is that we had not seen the great Centennial year in the dim distance, and saved the rare old coat for the occasion.

I can remember how Johnny looked in his queer clothing-combination suit, the girls of nowadays would call it. He was such a good, kind, generous man, that he thought it was wrong to expend money on clothes to be worn just for the fine appearance; he thought if he was comfortably clad, and in attire that suited the weather, it was sufficient. His head covering was generally a pasteboard hat of his own making, with one broad side to it that he wore next the sunshine to protect his face. He wore it with the wide side of the rim toward the sun. It was a very unsightly object, to be sure, and yet never one of us children ventured to laugh at it. We held Johnny in tender regard. His pantaloons were old, and scant, and short, with some sort of a substitute for "gal-lows" or suspenders. He never wore a coat except in the winter-time; and his feet were knobby and horny, and frequently bare. Sometimes he wore old shoes; but if he had none, and the rough roads hurt his feet, he substituted sandals instead—rude soles with thong fastenings. The bosom of his shirt was always pulled out loosely, so as to make a kind of pocket or pouch, in which he carried his books. We have seen Johnny frequently wearing an old coffee-sack for a coat, with holes cut in it for his arms.

All the orchards in the white settlements came from the nurseries of Johnny's planting. Even now, after all these years, and though this region of country is densely populated, I can count from my window no less than five orchards, or remains of orchards, that were once trees taken from his nurseries.

Long ago, if he was going a great distance, and

carrying a sack of seeds on his back, he had to provide himself with a leather sack, for the dense underbrush, brambles and thorny thickets would have made it unsafe for a coffee-sack.

I remember very distinctly of falling over one of Johnny's well-filled sacks one early morning, immediately after rising. It was not light in the room at the head of the stairs, and it was not there when I went to bed the night before. It seems that he arrived in the night, and for safe-keeping the sack was put up-stairs while he lay beside the kitchen fire. I never saw him sleep in a bed; he preferred to lie on the floor, with his poor old horny feet near the fire. I have often wondered how he carried that sack of seeds. I should think there was at least a bushel and a half in it, and it was so full that instead of being tied and leaving something for a hand-hold, it was sewed up snugly, and one end was as smooth and tight as the other. It must have been as hard to carry as a box of the same size. I have heard my father say, however, that Johnny always carried a fore-stick, or any big stick for the fire-place, on his hip, so it may be that it was the way he carried that ungainly burden.

In 1806 he planted sixteen bushels of seeds on an old farm on the Walhonding River, and he planted nurseries in Licking county, Ohio, and Richland county, and had other nurseries farther west. One of his nurseries is near us, and I often go to the secluded spot on the quiet banks of the creek, shut in by sycamore trees, with the sod never broken since the poor old man did it; and when I look up and see the wide, outreaching branches over the place, like outspread arms in loving benediction, I say in a reverent whisper: "Oh, the angels did commune with the good old man whose loving heart prompted him to go about doing good!"

A silent awe steals over me when I stand there, and I involuntarily step softly and speak low. I seem to see the old man breaking the rich, black soil, and laying aside the green sod, where only the violets have grown for many, many years, and as he drops the tiny seeds into the virgin soil, his good will to the poor pioneer goes with every seed, and God's blessing is with the homeless, wifeless, childless, but beloved and venerated wanderer. He was singularly pure and good. I know that now, after all these years, when I recall how the mothers in the neighborhood loved him. When he came to us after a long absence, the wives and mothers would shake hands, and inquire about his health and his affairs, and talk so kindly and affectionately to him, and tell him about the births and deaths, and the baby cutting teeth, or beginning to toddle and talk at nine months; and though he was singular, and his ways not our ways, and his manner of speech not ours, and his thoughts spiritualized and exalted above ours, yet he manifested such a warm and cordial sympathy that he united himself to us in tender, loving, beautiful ties.

I remember once my sick mother was bathing her feet in warm water, and we cried out: "O mamma! mamma! hurry! a man's coming!"

She started to get up, but seeing through the

window who it was, she sat still, saying, "Why it's dear old Johnny!" in a voice that showed how glad she was to have him come—as satisfied as if he had been a good woman.

He prescribed for her headache, and his very voice was full of pity and comfort.

Though my mother was very kind, she liked fun—liked to tease big, overgrown boys and make them say funny things, and writhe and twist rather than confess or make a fair answer. I often recall one time that she so far transgressed as to tease Johnny. He was holding the baby on his lap, chirruping to the little fellow, when my mother asked him if he would not be a happier man if he were settled in a home of his own and had a family to love him. He opened his eyes very wide—they were remarkably keen, penetrating, gray eyes, almost black—and replied in a manner, the words of which I cannot repeat, but the meaning was that all women were not what they profess to be, that some of them were deceivers, and a man might not marry the amiable woman that he thought he was getting, after all.

Now we had always heard that Johnny had loved once upon a time, and that his lady love had proven false to him. Then he said one time he saw a poor, friendless little girl who had no one to care for her, and he found a home for her, and sent her to school, and meant to bring her up to suit himself, and when she was old enough he intended to marry her. He clothed her and watched over her; but when she was fifteen years old, he called to see her once unexpectedly, and found her sitting beside a young man, with her hand in his, listening to his silly twaddle.

I peeped over at Johnny while he was telling this, and, young as I was, I saw his eyes grow dark as violets, and the pupils enlarge, and his voice rise up in denunciation, while his nostrils dilated and his thin lips worked with emotion. How angry he grew! He thought the girl was basely ungrateful. After that time she was no protegee of his.

He was very fond of little girls, and I think he liked women better than men. He seemed feminine in many of his attributes, and in his likes and dislikes he was decidedly womanly. I often felt badly—indeed they must have been the pangs of jealousy—when I would hear little playmates say: "He asked mother to give me to him to bring up like a lady;" or, "Johnny said if he could get me for his wife he'd bring me up the right kind of a way."

Now he never asked my mother for the listening, admiring, curious little lady in the bib-apron, who stood back out of sight watching the wild play of his impressive features, and wondering how the poor old man came to use such big words, and rejoicing in his rare eloquence.

And yet he must have noticed the homely child, for often he would read to her out of his old books, prefacing the entertainment with: "Don't you want some fresh news right from Heaven?" That was what he always called it.

On the subject of apples he was very charmingly enthusiastic. One would be astonished at his beautiful description of excellent fruit. I saw

him once at the table, when I was very small, telling about some apples that were new to us. His description was poetical, the language remarkably well-chosen; it could have been no finer had the whole of Webster's Unabridged, with all its royal vocabulary, been fresh upon his ready tongue. I stood back of my mother's chair, amazed, delighted, bewildered, and vaguely realizing the wonderful powers of true oratory. I felt more than I understood.

He was scrupulously honest. I recall the last time we ever saw his sister, a very ordinary woman, the wife of an easy old gentleman, and the mother of a family of handsome girls. They had started to move West in the winter season, but could move no farther after they reached our house. To help them along and to get rid of them, my father made a queer little one-horse vehicle on runners, hitched their poor caricature of a beast to it, helped them pack and stow therein their bedding and few movables, gave them a stock of provisions and five dollars, and sent the whole kit on their way rejoicing.

And that was the last we ever saw of our poor neighbors—the pretty little girls with their sunny hair and their laughing brown eyes, the easy-going old man, and the only sister of Johnny's, the spy little woman who always called me "honey."

The next time Johnny came to our house he very promptly laid a five-dollar bill on my father's knee, and shook his head very decidedly when it was handed back; neither could he be prevailed upon to take it again.

He was never known to hurt any animal or to give any living thing pain—not even a snake. One time, when overtaken by night while travelling, he crawled into a hollow log and slept till morning. In the other end of the log was a bear and her cubs. Johnny said he knew the bear would not hurt him and that there was room enough for all.

The Indians all liked him and treated him very kindly. They regarded him, from his habits, as a man above his fellows. He could endure pain like an Indian warrior; could thrust pins into his flesh without a tremor. Indeed, so insensible was he to acute pain that his treatment of a wound or sore was to sear it with a hot iron, and then treat it as a burn.

He ascribed great medicinal virtues to the fennel, which he found, probably, in Pennsylvania. The overwhelming desire to do good and benefit and bless others, induced him to gather a quantity of the seed, which he carried in his pockets, and occasionally scattered along his path in his journeys, especially at the wayside near dwellings. Poor old man! he inflicted upon the farming population a positive evil, when he sought to do good, for the rank fennel, with its pretty but pungent blossom, lines our roadsides, and borders our lanes, and steals into our door-yards, and is a pest only second to the daisy.

The last time we saw Johnny was one summer day when we were quilting up-stairs. A door opened out upon the ground, and he stood his little bundle on the sill and lay down upon the

floor, resting his head on the parcel. Then he drew out of his bosom one of his old dingy books and read aloud to us.

That is one of the pictures which will always "hang on memory's wall." We can see the old man lying with his head on the sill, his gray hair falling away from his placid face, his simple attire, his finely-cut features and the little book in his toil-worn hands, while the wreathing morning-glory vines, stirred by the summer wind, framed the picture. His voice had the same old charm, and the same fascination held the maiden spell-bound that had awed the little child in the years ago. His voice would rise and fall musically and with a fervid and a strange eloquence that was very singular. Something about it reminded me of the music of winds, and waves, and the murmur among the leafy boughs; a something indefinable and very peculiar.

He felt that God had appointed him this mission of love—this hard, rough toil in the wilderness—that this life and this work was His Gospel to preach daily, that to plant apple-trees which would produce orchards for the benefit of generations yet to come, was his appointed work. What a beautiful faith was Johnny's!

In 1838, he resolved to go further on; civilization was making the wilderness to blossom like the rose, villages were springing up, stage-coaches laden with travellers were common, schools were everywhere, mail facilities were very good, frame and brick houses were taking the places of the humble cabins; and so poor Johnny went around among all his friends and bade them farewell. The little girls he had dandled upon his knees, and presented with beads and gay ribbons, were now mothers and the heads of families. This must have been a sad task for the old man, who was then well stricken in years, and one would have thought that he would have preferred to die among his friends.

He came back two or three times to see us all, in the intervening nine years that he lived; the last time was in the year that he died, 1847.

In the summer of that year, one day, after travelling twenty miles, he entered the house of an acquaintance in Allen County, Indiana, and was, as usual, cordially received. He declined to eat anything except some bread and milk, which he ate sitting on the door-step, occasionally looking out toward the setting sun.

Before bed-time, he read from his little books "fresh news right from Heaven," and at the usual hour for retiring, he lay down upon the floor, as was his invariable custom. In the morning the beautiful light supernal was upon his countenance, the death angel had touched him in the silence and the darkness, and though the dear old man essayed to speak, he was so nearly dead that his tongue refused its office.

The physician came and pronounced him dying, but remarked that he never saw a man so perfectly calm and placid, and he inquired particularly concerning Johnny's religion.

Poor Johnny! I often fear that "no man knoweth of his sepulchre." I was travelling in a coach a few years ago in the county in which he died, and

to all my eager inquiries the reply invariably was: "Well, he's buried some place about here, but I'm not certain just where it is." My heart ached with sorrow and anxiety; I was grieved to think the dear old man, to whom we are all indebted, slept in a nameless grave.

The lumbering coach halted at one time, the horses were reined up at the shady roadside, and the driver hailed down respectfully to "the ledly" that there in that wayside nook was once one of Johnny's nurseries. It was a spot we shall never forget. Tall trees environed it, a brook warbled below it, the winding highway beside it was picturesque and lay through an immense reach of wildwood, and the toot of the stage-horn daily broke the silence. All the rows of trees had been removed from the woodland nursery, and it was now only the delightful haunt of bird and bee and squirrel, while the climbing vines ran riot, and the long grass looked as though it draped the sacred graves of beloved ones.

How I did wish that memorable man of pioneer times, that homeless wanderer whose heart was warm with a love so comprehensive, could have his grave there in the beautiful silence in which he wrought his self-denying work so many, many years of his life! Poor Johnny!

His bruised and bleeding feet now walk the gold-paved streets of the New Jerusalem, while we so brokenly and crudely narrate the sketch of his life. A life full of labor, and pain, and unselfishness, humble unto self-abnegation, his memory glowing in our hearts, while his deeds live anew every spring-time in the fragrance of the apple-blossoms he loved so well.

SEGOVIA AND ITS AQUEDUCT.

BY C.

THE history of Segovia dates back to one hundred years before Christ. It was the seat of government during the Moorish ascendancy, and afterwards some of the monarchs of Castile resided there. This city of Spain is in Old Castile, and is the capital of the province. It is built on a rock, twelve hundred feet high, the circumference of which at the top is about sixteen hundred feet. Alonzo VI. encircled it with walls, he also built round towers, and an Alcazar, the great keep of which is studded with angular turrets. It has five large gates and many small ones. The houses which were once inhabited by noblemen have a curious, quaint and old-fashioned appearance. Its most important edifice is the Roman aqueduct, which is the most remarkable remnant of Roman architecture in Spain. The water is brought about ten miles. It has one hundred and seventy arches, bold and lofty, most of them double, and some more than two hundred feet high, which conduct the excellent springs of Ildefonso in one collected mass to the most elevated part of the city.

The aqueduct is built of granite, without cement or mortar of any kind, but is solid, durable and simple.

When the Moors sacked Segovia, they destroyed about forty of its arches, and it was four hundred

years afterwards that Queen Isabella caused it to be repaired.

In Segovia is one of the finest cathedrals in Spain, there are many churches, an episcopal palace and numerous public institutions. But the modern Segovia is only a shadow of what it was formerly; from thirty thousand the population is now reduced to five thousand, and they idle and heedless, too indolent even to cast a look at the great works above them.

The structure of the Roman aqueducts has, at all times, been a source of study to the architect. From them may be learned to combine the highest degree of elegance and extreme durability, with grandeur and fitness of design.

The expenses of maintaining the aqueduct in repair were covered by a small tax levied by the State. During the period of a line of good emperors, when the State enjoyed the blessings of peace and order, the benefit of aqueducts was extended to nearly all the larger towns of the provinces. The ruins of hundreds of these structures still exist, and often constitute the sole memento of a departed greatness that has left not even a name behind. Some still fulfil the purpose for which they were originally designed, and may, perhaps, be destined to supply nations, as yet, unborn. Nothing can surpass the aspect presented by these venerable remains, which, draped with pendant ivy and crowned with rampant shrubs, on all sides approach the Eternal City, traversing hill and dale in long, unbroken array.

The aqueducts belong to the most praiseworthy undertakings by which the Roman spirit was characterized, or that the human mind ever conceived and executed.

In our own times, in spite of our boasted improvement in civilization, the capitals of powerful and extensive kingdoms suffer from the want of clear, healthy water. The Romans acknowledged it a duty to the State to provide good water, and discharged this duty with a majesty which surpasses our boldest projects. If here and there a modern architect has endeavored to soar to the height of the ancients, these feeble imitations are scarcely ever dictated by a regard for the public welfare, but have been erected to gratify the caprice or ostentation of some monarch, and are monuments of extravagance and a mockery of the national distress.

Dunellen, New Jersey.

WHAT ploughing, digging and harrowing are to land, thinking, reflecting and examining are to the mind. Each has its proper culture; and, as the land that is suffered to lie waste and wild for a long time will be overspread with brushwood, brambles, thorns and weeds, which have neither use nor beauty, so there will not fail to sprout up in a neglected, uncultivated mind a number of prejudices and absurd opinions, which owe their origin partly to the soil itself, the passions and imperfections of the mind of man, and partly to those seeds which chance to be scattered in it by every kind of doctrine which the cunning of demagogues, the singularity of pedants and the superstition of fools raise.



TWO NAMES ON A TREE.

BY E. B. D.

ANKLE deep in blades and blossoms,
 By her lover's side stood she;
 On her robes the sunlight rested,
 Glinting through the spreading tree;
 While her lover, deep in shadow,
 Of the rustling leaves, could trace
 Light enough his life to brighten
 In the maiden's thoughtful face.

Silent stood they that bright evening;
 Scarcely knew they why they came;
 While the youth, on rugged tree trunk,
 Carved the letters of his name.

With a lover's ardent glance, he
 Questioned her, her eyes replied;
 Soon, with careful, patient labor,
 Both their names stood side by side.

Turning then, he asked, "Forever?"
 As the maiden's hand he took;
 And she answering, said, "Forever!"
 With grave sweetness in her look,
 On the tree he wrote, "Forever!"
 Hand in hand they turned away,
 Leaving there the lasting record
 Of their silent vows that day.

THE ALHAMBRA.

BY JOHN R. DUFFEY.

IN a southern province of Spain, distant, as the crow flies, perhaps forty miles from the Mediterranean, on a plain said to be the most beautiful in the world, more than two thousand feet above the ocean, and set in among mountains

turies subject to the califs of Cordova. In 1235, however, it became the capital of a new kingdom, and speedily attained a wide celebrity, not only as an opulent and enterprising commercial emporium, but also as the seat of a brilliant civilization, where the arts, and architecture especially, were cultivated with surpassing ardor and success. And this, too, despite the fact that its



GENERAL VIEW OF THE ALHAMBRA.

capped with perpetual snow, lies the once famous city of Granada, the capital of a kingdom of the same name, which, under the sway of a long line of Moorish kings, rose to a distinguished eminence among the nations of Europe.

Founded by the Moors in the eighth century, its site being already occupied by an ancient fortress of Phœnician origin, Granada was for several cen-

Moorish rulers, under whom it reached its highest prosperity, were, in the beginning, almost, of their sovereignty, compelled to recognize the supremacy of the kings of Castile.

For more than two hundred years the monarchs of Granada occupied this position of vassalage, but not without almost incessant, though unavailing, efforts to free themselves from it. During all

that time the beautiful plain of Granada was the scene of many a sanguinary conflict between the Moorish cavaliers and the chivalry of Christendom. The long struggle was only terminated by the capture and complete subjugation of Granada. As the crowning success of eleven years of open warfare, Ferdinand and Isabella of Castile, on the 2d of January, 1492, made their triumphant entry into the fallen city, which, after a nine months' siege, had yielded to their arms.

The glory of Granada seems in a great measure to have passed away with its old inhabitants. It is no longer the magnificent city over which Boabdil, its last ill-starred sovereign, shed bitter tears of grief, as he sent down a parting look upon its beauty from the mountain path over which he passed from it an exile, never to return. Under his sway it had attained, we are told, a population of eight hundred thousand souls. To-day it has less than an eighth of that number. Yet, degenerate as she is, Granada nevertheless ranks as one of the most important cities of modern Spain. Though in the built-up parts of the town the streets are narrow, crooked, dirty and badly paved, while the walls by which it is encircled have become an unsightly heap of rubbish, its environs are still charming. From a distance it presents a brilliant, almost Oriental appearance, with its terraces, gardens, its orange groves, its avenues of cypresses, and its glistening domes and spires. Surrounded by snowy peaks, from which are wafted cool breezes to temper the burning southern sun, even in summer it is one of the most delightful of residences, while nothing can be more agreeable than the mild, sunny afternoons of its winter.

But the especial attraction of Granada at this day is the far-famed Alhambra, or "Red Castle," as the name is translated, an ancient fortress or stronghold, within which stood the palace of the old Moorish kings. It crowns the summit of a very high hill, which, lying between two mountain streams, whose waters unite below Granada, overlooks the city, and extends into the plain. From the town, the Alhambra presents the appearance of an irregular range of houses and embattled walls, and of lofty towers, built of large, round, irregular pebbles mixed with cement and gravel, and mostly of a red color, sharp-edged and square, rising out of the trees. Piled up in seeming disorder, a rude, frowning fortress, with no regard to symmetry or external beauty, but within embellished with every ornament, and fitted out with every convenience that art and luxury, backed by all the resources of wealth, could command, it is a characteristic memorial of the age and the people by whom it was erected—an age and a people equally prepared to cope with the fiercest emergencies of war, or to enjoy to their fullest capability the most exquisite delights of a thoroughly refined life of voluptuous ease.

The Alhambra was fortified in the strongest manner known in the middle ages, and was calculated to quarter forty thousand men. The chief attraction of the place, however, is found in the remains of a Moorish palace, which, begun in 1248, occupied nearly a century in its construction.

The numerous travellers who have visited the Alhambra vie with each other in celebrating the beauties of this exquisite structure. Rising amidst noble trees, whose shady avenues afford a luxury which can best be appreciated by one who has felt the ardor of a Spanish mid-summer sun, as with the Castle of Uhland's unnamed tyrant,

"A blooming wreath around it of fragrant gardens hung,
Wherein in rainbow radiance fresh fountains upward sprung."

Built with a lavish disregard of expense, and yet with the most refined taste, with columns and arches unsurpassed in lightness, elegance and richness of ornamentation, both as to form and color, this beautiful palace included within itself all that insured the security, comfort and gratification of its princely occupants. And, besides, to use the words of Irving, "How many legends and traditions, true and fabulous, how many songs and ballads, Arabic and Spanish, of love, war and chivalry, are associated with this royal Morisco pile. It was the gorgeous abode of a long line of Moorish kings, where, surrounded with all the splendors and refinements of Oriental luxury, they held dominion over one of the fairest spots on earth."

The entrance to the enclosure of the Alhambra from Granada is by a massive horse-shoe gate. Passing through this, you seem, says a recent tourist, to be in an English park. The scene is that of a broad, sloping hill, covered with genuine English elms, forming delicious roofs to protect one from the arrowy sunbeams, but scarcely in keeping with the old Moorish palace rising in their midst. Still, these trees are the special pride of the good people of Granada, "who sweat up the hill to get cool under their shade, and listen to the nightingales who sing all the noonday long in this English bramble-chained wood." We pass on up a lovely sloping walk, refreshed by the gurgling sound of innumerable rills, whose clear, cool waters, coming down from the perpetual snow-clad peaks of the Sierra Nevada, sport here awhile amongst the grand old elms, and then go singing on their way into the ravine below, to mingle with the swift, muddy flow of the Darra.

Making a sudden turn by a half-ruined tower, we presently reach the Gate of Judgment, the main entrance to the palace. Over the inner doorway we read: "May Allah make this gate a protecting bulwark, and write down its erection among the imperishable actions of the just." Here of old sat the sultan or cadi, in his green turban, and administered justice after the good, old-fashioned manner, sometimes sharp and summary, it may be, but with none of our modern "law's delays."

The lofty arch-way of the Gate of Judgment is curiously horse-shoe shaped, and over it is carved an open hand, typical, it is said, of the hand of God, the symbol of power and providence. A winding passage, over twenty-five feet in length, conducts to the inner arch of the gate, over which is the image of a sculptured key, an emblem, it is thought, of the power of Allah to open the hearts of true believers. There was an ancient Moorish

legend that the Christians would never obtain possession of the Alhambra until the outer hand had grasped the inner key.

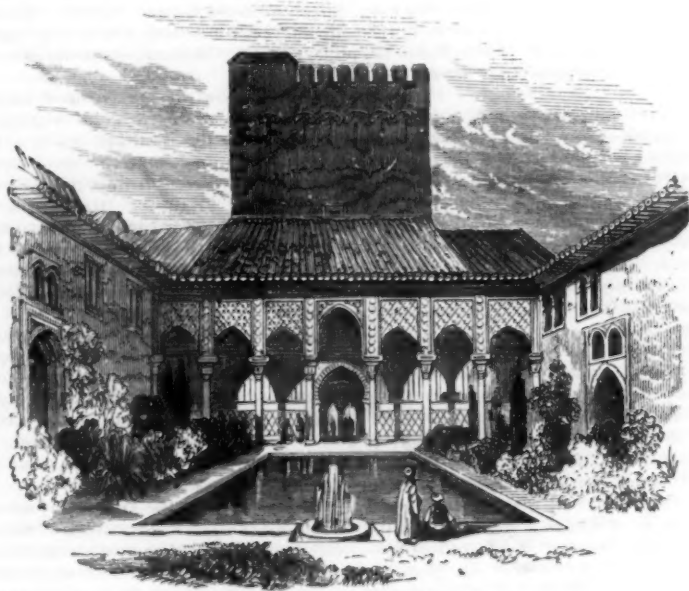
Going through these gates, the visitor passes a guard-room, where is a supposed miraculous picture of the Virgin, said to have been painted by St. Luke, and finally enters a broad, open space, called the Square of the Cisterns, so named from the ancient subterranean cisterns which extend underneath it from one end to the other, and are constantly fed by a fresh supply of water. Here, too, is a well of immense depth, of the purest and coldest water, which, as is also that from the cisterns, is carried on the backs of donkeys to the city below. Scattered about are huge heaps of gigantic brown stones, brought here by Charles V., to form the superb palace he designed erecting here, but never completed. On the right of the square, however, stands the gateway that was

waved upon this tower the flag of Leon and Castile, crying with a loud voice: "Granada, Granada is taken!"

The visitor now passes through a small and obscure doorway into the Alberca, or Court of the Fish-Ponds, once the bathing-place of the Sultanas. It is like stepping into a palace of the Orient. With the Arab poet one can exclaim:

"This is a palace of translucent crystal;
Those who look at it imagine it to be the ocean.
My pillars were brought from Eden;
My garden is the Garden of Paradise.
Of hewn jewels are my walls,
And my ceilings are dyed with the hues of angels' wings.

I was paved with petrified flowers,
And those who see me laugh and sing.
The columns are blocks of pearl by night;
By day, perpetual sunshine turns the fountain to trickling gold."



COURT OF THE FISH-POND, ALHAMBRA.

to conduct to it—a fine structure, forming a perfect square of two hundred feet, with Doric and Ionic pillars on a rustic base.

Before leaving the Square of the Cisterns, the traveller usually ascends the Tower of the Bell, on the brow of the hill, overhanging the city. From this point he may witness one of the most splendid panoramic views in the world. Yonder, in the distant Sierra of Alhama is the Gorge of Loja, where Columbus turned back, recalled by the messenger of Isabella. From the same snowy range it was the sultan's mules brought the snow for their master's sherbet.

In this tower hangs a magical bell, which the peasant girls still ring on stated occasions, believing that thereby a good husband is assured to them. On the bell is an inscription relating how Cardinal Mendoza, on the night of the surrender,

The Moorish arches, says Thornbury, from whom I condense, with their slender shafts rise around; the walls are no longer stone ramparts, but pierced trellises, that turn sunshine and moonshine into patterns. Surely they are needle-work turned to stone. The myrtles grow green and glossy around the great marble tank, one hundred and fifty feet long, which flows with mellow water, in which burnished metal fish, some apparently red hot, others of pliant silver, steer, flirt, swim and splash.

Leaving this charming retreat, we pass through the oblong Hall of Blessing, "still radiant with colors like the edge of a fading evening cloud," whose inscription-covered cornices yet sing the praises of some long-departed sultan, whose excellence ran clear through his good deeds, "like the transparent silk thread of a necklace of pearls,"

and "the stamp of whose foot made the very stars quiver, though the boughs of the willow bend before him in adoration."

The visitor may now enter the Hall of the Embassadors, the walls of which are richly stuccoed, and ornamented with arabesques of the most exquisite workmanship. The ceiling, of cedar wood, was originally inlaid with silver, ivory and mother-of-pearl, but it is now ornamented with red, blue and gold, in the stalactite honey-comb style. The hall is thirty-six feet square, with a dome, writes Thornbury, "which bursts, like a flower-bell, sixty (others say seventy-five) feet high up in the Tower of Comares. In its airiness this beautiful dome seems a mere resting cloud, swelling around you, and canopied you with color. The stalactite ornament, too, as it is called, seems fashioned in emulous rivalry of prisoned, golden-sealed honey-comb, in which honey still rests—honey dyed by the juices of the flowers from which it has been drawn." The summit of this tower, whose foundations, even, rest far above the tops of the pines which clothe the precipice on which it stands, commands a view unsurpassed for beauty and sublimity.

On the east side of the Hall of the Embassadors is the small dressing-room of the sultanas, called the Queen's Toilet. In one corner of this room is a marble slab drilled full of holes, over which, the guide will tell you, the sultanas stood to get the benefit of the perfumes which were burned below, and came up through the apertures.

We now pass on to the Hall of the Two Sisters, so called from two very beautiful slabs of marble which pave the centre of the floor. The walls and ceiling of this room are most exquisite. Through a cupola a tempered light falls from above. Speaking of this exquisite apartment, with its light, aerial architecture, Thornbury remarks: "The Moors had a keen sense of the necessities of climate. They were always thinking of the Arab tent. They wanted air and light. These marble pillars are Mohammed's tent-spears grown to stone; this net-work lace veil that filagrees every wall with cob-webs of harmonious color, the old tent tapestries, the stamped Cordovan leather hangings—the Indian shawls that canopied the wandering horseman's tent. * * * They wanted mere pendent flowers woven together into roof and gossamer-pierced panels, that hardly arrest the air. Everything must float and sway; they would not bar out the chirp of the dripping silver water in the garden court without. * * * The pillars they shaved till they were mere banded flower-stalks, or young palm-trees, slender as aspen shafts." Nothing more substantial was needed, for, surely, here is nothing to be upheld, "only ivory-patterned walls and a honey-combed dome, that floats in the hot air. * * * This roof was fashioned from the melting roof of a snow-drift—it suggests delicious coolness—and the soft-fretted billows of half-thawed snow, flung up to the roof by playful hands, and modeled ere it fell."

The lower portion of the wall of the Hall of the Two Sisters is wainscoted with square glazed tiles, forming a sort of glittering coat of mail, breast-high. The colors of these tiles are orange-

purple, dull sap-green and a reddish brown. Occasionally they are formed into pillars, or pave the floor in squares of fleur de lis, or heraldic emblems, the willow-pattern blue predominating. "In a country where the sun is solid fire," continues the authority from which I have been condensing, "the Arabs wanted shade, and in these wainscoatings, color is seen in shade. * * * The strange, basket-work, blocked-out capitals are of white ornaments on a blue ground: the blue, the blue of the sage flower; the white leafy tracery the creamy white surface of the original marble. Sometimes it is red, with blue leaves, or blue on white, with gilt bands, and perpetual pious ejaculations of 'blessing': 'There is no Conqueror but God.'" These ejaculatory inscriptions, sometimes in the long, broken-scribbled African letters, at others in the Arabic scrolled writing, are seen everywhere on the walls of the various halls and courts, proclaiming God's greatness, goodness and power, the magnificence of their builder, and the splendor of the sultan, and producing a graceful and agreeable "shot-silk cross-light of poetry and praise."

On each side of the ante-room of the Hall of the Embassadors, are two high cupboard-looking niches, around the opening of which is the inscription: "If any one approach me complaining of thirst, he will receive cool and limpid water, sweet and without mixture." Here were kept the Alcaraga, or porous earthen water-bottles, common to all, just as they are to be met with at this day in the houses of the rich, or at inns. It was just facing these niches that Boabdil's throne was placed.

Opposite the Hall of the Two Sisters, is the Hall of the Abencerrages, where they show you a damp red stain on the pavement, probably the deposit of water impregnated with iron, but which is devoutly believed to be from the blood of thirty-six brave Abencerrages, who were here massacred by Boabdil, for adhering with noble devotion to their legitimate sovereign.

Turning now to the right, we enter the Hall of the Lions, the grand apartment of the palace, and said to be one of the most perfect and beautiful specimens of Saracenic architecture in the world. It receives its name from the fact that in its centre there are twelve rather poorly sculptured lions, supporting a splendid fountain. "Upon entering this celebrated court," says a recent writer, "one seems as if suddenly transported to the regions of fairy-land. All the array of gorgeous splendor, in the conception of which the imagination loves to revel when thinking of Eastern grandeur, is comprised within its precincts. * * * In the centre stands the celebrated Fountain of the Lions. This is a large basin of alabaster, supported by twelve lions. Over this basin there is another, but smaller, from which shoot forth innumerable cascades, which together present the form of a great sheaf; and, falling again from one vase into another, and from these into the large basin beneath, create a perpetual flow, whose volume is increased by the floods of limpid water which gush in a continual stream from the mouth of each of the marble lions."

The Hall of the Kions is oblong in shape, one hundred feet in length, by fifty in breadth. Around it runs a gallery, supported by one hundred and twenty-eight pillars of white marble of almost ethereal lightness, and of fantastic, but extremely graceful design. These columns are nine feet in height. The walls, as well as the ceiling of the circular gallery, are crowned with mosaic tilings of azure and gold. Above and below is a border of arabesque ornaments, of exquisitely delicate workmanship, and through which runs the familiar Arabic motto: "There is no conqueror but God." The area in the centre of the hall is paved with colored tiles, while the pavement beneath the gallery is of white marble.

At each end of the hall one sees a portico, upheld by marble columns, uniting in an arcade of the same style as the pillars which sustain the gallery, and with a light and elegant dome, ornamented with various sized stars; the whole being colored in gold, carmine or blue, with an apparent freshness suggestive of its having just received the final touches of the artist.

We have thus passed through the main halls and courts of the Alhambra. There are still many others of which we might speak, did we think them of sufficient importance or interest to warrant us in making space for them. Those which we have described will, perhaps, give the reader a tolerably fair notion of the beauty and magnificence of the old Moorish palace-citadel. Whoever desires more, will find in our own Irving's "Tales of the Alhambra," not only much inimitable description, but also a rich store of historic matter, to give life and interest to what, in the necessarily circumscribed shape of the present article, is strongly suggestive of the guide-book.

SIX LITTLE WORDS. FROM THE GERMAN.

BY G. DE R.

I SHALL, I must, I can, I will, I dare, I may, These six words rule my life, their claims I feel each day.

"I shall," This is the Law of God writ on my heart,

It drives me to the end, of it I am a part.

"I must," is the constraint in which my acts are held

By nature and the world, in turn by each impelled.

"I can," weighs well my strength, skill, intrepidity
Or measures fair and just the knowledge granted me.

"I will," the highest crown adorning all mankind,
Bears liberty's great seal impressed upon the mind.

"I dare," are two short words inscribed upon the seal,

Like bar or bolt protecting freedom's open zeal.

"I may," floats vague and vain twixt ebb and flow of tide,

And waits upon the hour the question to decide.

I shall, I must, I can, I will, I dare, I may,
These six words rule my life and claim me every day,

But Thou, O God, alone can teach me when to say,
I shall, I must, I can, - will, I dare, I may!

THE DELIGHTFUL POISON.

BY S. W.

IT is said that one of the Persian kings, being fond of a certain fruit, had some packed in vessels, that he might preserve it through the winter season; but shortly after, on tasting it, found it spoiled; the rich juices had fermented. Fearing lest it might be dangerous, the king had the vessels labelled "Poison," and placed in a closet in the palace.

It so came that a lady of the queen's household grew weary of life. Entering this room, she took one of the jars and drank eagerly of its contents, then sat down to await the stupor of death. But instead every vein was suddenly instinct with life; she no longer wept, for her pulses bounded with hope. She told the king at once, and he drank again and again, courtier and counselor with him. Even the queen sipped a dainty cup; and that night, amid high revel, the monarch named the new beverage "Jeher-E-Kooshon," or "the delightful poison."

But the secret was not held by palace walls. A little, and it was told in the city and village; the merchant's wife taught her maidens to press the fruit, till costly bowls were filled; and the peasant went home from his toil ere sundown to set the pleasant plant by the mud walls of his cottage, that he also should drink and be glad.

Day by day it gained new power, until not a council was held but they called this new inspiration to aid them; not a wedding feast but that it loosed the tongue of wit and brightened every eye. Yet it was whispered that the liquid held another potent gift. They said the lawgiver who drank in council spake strange words after; that he who kept his vigils with this at his side rose with aching brow. The lady trembled when her lord came home at midnight, and the laborer's wife hushed her children's cry of hunger, for the price of their food furnished the father's cup.

So time went on, and with it grew the power of the drink. It crossed seas. Men who came for barter, for pleasure, for war or peace, carried the plant and its story back to their own lands, and as it had held its own here, so did it there; it was the courted guest in every scene. One nation reared an altar and set a god in its honor, binding his brows with its leaves, and hanging its clusters about him. Others gave their sweetest songs to it, the poet casting his crown of bays before it. Thus it stole into every spot where man dwelt with his Lares and Penates. Though the wisdom of the nation grew weak at its touch, and the young men fell bound captives in its wreathed tendrils; though homes were desolate of all save its ruddy sparkle, and women grew old with fear and "carking care," still men praised. Only some who held aloof and watched it well, whispered that the Persian king had named it aright, "The delightful poison."

The king died, and with him was forgotten the origin of the drink; but after generations had passed, the people of another land and another tongue called it *Wine*.

LIVING ROOMS AND BACK STAIRS.

A WRITER in the *Boston Journal of Chemistry* says:

"A careful observer of new houses and furniture will notice a growing tendency toward simplicity, economy of means, and above all toward the exercise of independence and individuality. It is but a tendency as yet, and its examples struggle to light from among the rank weeds of extravagance and bad taste which still outnumber them largely. But the new departure is made. The new 'declaration of independence' in matters of daily life is proclaimed, and the revolution has begun. The progress of the nation from the rugged discomforts of stern necessity to the greater discomforts of servile imitation, forced with iron rigor upon each and all alike and insisting that 'style' shall rule palace and hovel in the same kind if not in the same degree, has taught its lesson to the thinking part of the community. Yet there must be much more thinking, as well as writing and talking, before the majority of people turn their backs upon the vexations of sham luxury and their faces steadfastly toward real comfort and beauty. And to help them in this they have that never-failing guide, reason. Let nothing be voluntarily done in building or furnishing unless a good and sufficient reason can be given for it. Necessity is a reason, fashion is not. The number of people who are forced into inconvenient and unhealthy houses by necessity is very small. The number who inhabit such houses because they lack the independence to live in their own way, and are, in addition, too lazy to think out a plan by which they may do so, is very great. The poverty of America is in its wastefulness, and wastefulness in useless rooms, staircases and gimcrack furniture, as much as in vulgar ostentation of dress and squandering of food from lack of brains in cook and housekeeper.

"There should be scarcely such a thing as poverty in this land of riches. Almost any man who tries can have a fit and comfortable home of his own before he reaches middle life if he gives his mind to it and is willing to discard that which he does not need. The trouble is that three-quarters of the money employed in building is wasted. A laboring man or journeyman mechanic needs a large 'living room' to cook in and eat in, and a scullery for the dirty work of pots, kettles and pans, and a sufficient number of wholesome sleeping rooms for the decent comfort of his family. His walls, floors, furniture, all need to be substantially but plainly made. The wife, who is housekeeper, nursemaid and 'biddy' in one, must have no unnecessary work made for her. The one staircase of the little tenement should be as easy to climb as that of a palace; it costs little if any more. These are the needs, and yet it is found almost invariably that in houses built by mechanics for mechanics, every rule of use and real comfort is disregarded and generally sacrificed to some wretched mockery of cheap display; a bit of a 'show parlor' with a monumental mantel, or perhaps a black walnut door or two, or a grape-vine cornice and flowered centre-piece in

stucco. Such houses sadly remind one of the fact that the occupant is too often ashamed of his honorable craft, and his house and his work both show it. He aspires to rise, not by ability in his station, but by some lucky accident.

"But the faults of the poor are prominent enough; how is it with those of the middling class, the ruling class in America? Their needs and means are various. How much thought is expended in satisfying the former and applying the latter? The plan of house provided by the 'speculative builder' includes generally a parlor, a sitting-room, a dining-room, a kitchen, more or fewer chambers, and perhaps a bath-room. All these rooms are usually placed with no reference to the points of the compass and with very little to their uses. Access is got from the first floor to the upper regions by a steep staircase starting from the front door and ending near the principal chamber; this is supplemented by a narrow, crooked affair squeezed into a dark corner and known as the 'back stairs.' The first is to show a flaring stair-carpet with brass rods; and for this purpose the steeper it is the better, because the less the carpet is walked on the grander will be its appearance, and the nearer perpendicular the staircase the better it can all be seen by people looking in at the front door. The back stairs are for use, for the bearing of heavy burdens, for the little children who are not allowed on the handsome front carpet. But why should they be steep and dark to fit them for these uses? What exercise of reason has for years wasted money on these dual devices for increase of labor and sorrow? There was an old-time plea, before plumbing was known, of the need of separate and obscure ways for chamber-maids. With modern conveniences this is a poor excuse for waste of money and greater evils. What is needed, and all that is needed, in dwellings of moderate capacity is *one good, broad, easy* staircase, of hard wood if possible, placed so as to be easily reached from all parts of the house for all purposes; as well lighted as any room and not conspicuously in view from the front door, with which it has probably less to do than with any other feature of the house. The run of the stairs should be broken by one or more broad landings, to give variety and rest. The mouldings of rails, posts and balusters should not facilitate the collection of dust and dirt, and should have no sharp corners to leave their imprint on tender heads till retributive furniture knocks them off in turn. Such stairs may have a strip of durable plain carpet in the middle to deaden sound and prevent slipping of the feet, but it should be so arranged as to be easily removed for cleansing, and so as not to catch the foot or trip the careless climber unnecessarily. Such stairs would be neither 'front' nor 'back,' but the grand stairway of the house, the high road between the upper and lower regions, on which mistress and servant and guest may pass without offence or interference. Where a mansion is of such magnitude as to require two stairways for regular service, the working stairs should be well removed from the other and should be made every way as light and easy. The money that is saved by cutting out

one staircase had better be spent in making the other perfect, but the space that is saved can be readily utilized in making the rooms larger, or for closets.

"Having eliminated from the popular style of house two useless features and substituted one useful one, the number and size of the rooms next merits thought. Leaving special cases out of consideration, the ordinary family require a 'living room' (not sitting-room or parlor) which should be large and should have the sun all or nearly all day long. Everything in it should be substantial and useful (and consequently comfortable) and in good taste. It should always have an open fire, and this in addition to furnace or other heat. The reasonable desire of the tidy housekeeper, who is also the mother of a boisterous little family, for a reception-room should be gratified when means will permit, but not by sacrificing the more important 'living room.' Such reception-room should be small and cosy, furnished in a home-like way, and kept warmed and in reasonable use. The formal and frigid gloom of the old-time 'best parlor' or 'drawing-room' is suited only for the reception of one's worst enemy. In fact the dearer a friend the easier access should be given to the real home-life of the house. Any one worth receiving had rather be received honestly; and no greater compliment can be paid a guest than a fearless welcome into the heart of the domestic circle. However, there are callers, 'more's the pity,' whom one lets inside the front door with reluctance, and for these a furnished entrance hall or a decent reception-room is a desideratum. But it would be a stupid thing to sacrifice the family comfort to such as these, and still less to go to any unusual or hardly-to-be-afforded expense for them.

"We have lost with advancing years the old-fashioned farm-house kitchen (a true living room), but we can still retain many of its happiest features, and supplement them by books, pictures and other good things which the 'good old times,' so called, knew little of. We can have a cheerful open fire; we can have a capacious centre-table for the family group; we can have a smooth, hard floor, easily stripped of its soft rugs in a few moments for a jolly dance or romp; we can have the piano in a retired nook or bay-window and facing the room ready for the singer or player. Though our furniture may not furnish enervating beds for the absurdly indolent, it may be comfortable and restful for vigorous youth and hale old age. The children who have been, where they belong, out of doors all day will be glad to gather in such a room by the glow of the fire in the twilight or around the evening lamp for study or amusement.

"The hope of the nation is in the homes of its middling classes. From these come the wisdom and valor and virtue on which we must depend in hours of trial. These homes are the early world of our children, the larger and more important world of many women. Too much thought cannot be given to make them fit their purpose, and to make them more attractive to their inmates than any other place on earth.

THE HAPPY VALLEY.

BY MAY LEONARD.

DOWN in the dale, down in the dale,
Down in the dale with Allie!
Oh, it is pleasant and green and sweet
Down in our daisied valley.

Breathing the breath of the violets pale,
Butterflies going and coming;
Gayly we romp, lightly we dream,
Soothed by the bees low humming.

Never a stranger foot hath trod
The sod of our happy valley;
This garden of Eden is known alone
To me and my playmate, Allie.

Only we two the place can tell
Of the little gray squirrel's abiding;
Only to us is the secret known
Where the sparrow's nest is hiding.

Only for us the silvery stream
Sparkles and sings to the river;
Only for us the watery things
Dance and dart and quiver.

Only for us the violet pale
Opens her purple chalice;
Brightness and fragrance, beauty and bloom,
Lavished on me and Alice.

There we may play through the livelong day,
Careless and free as the air is,
There we may dream of giant and ghost,
Of genii and elves and fairies.

There we may sport in a mimic court
The airs of some fine court lady;
There we may pine behind prison bars,
A captive princess may be.

Sometimes our lot is low and mean,
And hangs on a tyrant's fiat,
Again 'tis to reign as a sovereign queen,
In a realm where fancy runs riot.

Soon enough come the cares of life,
Its trial and burden and sorrow;
Let us bask to-day in what sunshine we may,
Nor dream of clouds to-morrow.

By and by to a deeper vale
Our steps shall be wearily tending;
May God's grace brighten, and God's love lighten,
And His welcome bless its ending.

LABOR conquers all things. Everything that we do must have a certain amount of labor expended on it to bring it to a state of perfection. However difficult it may appear, however impossible it may seem to be, remember, if you attack it with energy, and labor with all your might, your efforts will be crowned with success.

THE intellectual life should be a life of patience—patience in gathering knowledge, patience in drawing conclusions, and patience in waiting for results.

The Story-Teller.

YES.

BY MADGE CARROL.

SHE was only Yes Alloway, and he was the minister. The same sky bent, a blue tent, above them; the same sun crept in yellow tides about their feet; the same wind blew up from the south and touched each cheek; it didn't alter their position in the least. The gulf remained fixed. She was only Yes Alloway, the sexton's orphaned granddaughter, and he the minister, with a score of wealthy relatives in the distant city whose spires pencilled the pearl-gray horizon. Yes was familiar with the place, but not with the Merideths. The year before she spent a winter there learning the millinery business, and wondered now, pretty, perplexed little thing, where was the use if she forgot how to turn a bow when Mr. Merideth sat on the porch waiting for grandpa.

The Rev. Robert Merideth was still new to this his second pastoral charge; but the fact of his engagement to Miss Olympia Lescuyer, a Southern lady, was not new in the least. Acting on the advice of "grave and reverend seignors," he had had the bans, so to speak, published far and wide, and, as a matter of course, his fair parishioners had worn the topic threadbare.

Quite recently, Miss Olympia herself deposed him from his position as an engaged man. As he sat there on Jacob Alloway's porch, serene and tranquil externally, the lines of a cruel letter tortured inwardly, and the keel of the outward-bound vessel that bore the writer away, seemed to be cleaving his heart in twain.

How to make this new aspect of affairs known, and at the same time spare himself additional pain, was now become a serious question with the young pastor. He felt that he must act at once, yet knew not how. After a day and night's struggle, and after some laborious visitations, it was pleasant to sit there and watch Yes at her work under the willow's tenting cottage, church and graves.

Don't ask me why they called her Yes, because I don't know. Doubtless there was another name for her on the birth-page of the family Bible. It's right and proper there should be; and that nobody ever knew her by it is equally right and proper.

Bless the girl, she need not have grown so flushed and worried under her blunders. When the pretty fingers, white and soft as a dove's breast, twisted the blue ribbon this, that, every way but the desired one, in the vain attempt to tie a bow, this reverend sir had not the slightest idea that just so many complications were not absolutely necessary. The fashioning of her bonnets was as deep a mystery to Mr. Merideth as the writing of his sermons was to Yes. It would have been all the same to her had he wandered from the straight path of the text; and it was all the same to him when she tied and untied, tacked

and untacked. In fact, what the girl did just then was of small importance to Mr. Merideth, although he watched her closely as she worked, and they discussed a recent burial, the weather and the crops. His thoughts revolved a question suggested when he saw her sitting under the scarlet and purple bean flowers, with their royal colors dropped about her. Should he tell her his story, and let her do with it as her heart dictated?

Fortunately, it was not his purpose to arrive at a conclusion then and there, else would it have been frustrated by the appearance of Mrs. Alloway in her wheeled chair, fresh from her afternoon nap.

"Good-day, Mr. Merideth," she cried. "Ah, you're hearing all about my daughter Amanda's trouble; I see it in your dear, kind face. It's a sore affliction, sir—a very sore affliction; and I not able to move a foot to go to her."

Poor Yes, her conscience smote her heavily for having been so absorbed in her own affairs as to forget Aunt Amanda and her trials; but Mr. Merideth came to her rescue nobly.

"I have not been here more than ten minutes, and kept Miss Yes so busy talking there was no chance to tell me anything. Your daughter lives in the city, does she not? What is this trouble?"

Mrs. Alloway then went on to relate the particulars, so far as they knew them, of the illness of Amanda's husband, and mentioned at least a dozen times the fact of Jacob's having gone to the post-office to see if there was not still later news. As was her habit, she made the most of her story until her husband's return, empty-handed; and shortly after, Mr. Merideth took his leave.

In a bay-window, ivy-bowered, and with a glitter of goldfish and canaries among its greenness, sat Eleanor and Alida Merideth, engaged in an animated but amiable discussion over a recent letter from Robert.

"He's far too sensitive on the subject of assuming a so-called false position," said Alida, the younger. "What possible difference can it make to these people whether his engagement is broken or not? They've no business with his personal affairs."

"Granted," replied Eleanor; "yet I heartily endorse the view he takes. As he says, it is best always to stand fair and square before men."

"Well," returned Alida, "if he must turn his heart inside out, let it be for the edification of the church officials, and not some rustic beauty's, silly enough to laugh at him for his pains."

"You're talking to hear yourself talk, Alida. Don't you recollect I almost lost my heart to her the night Robert was installed, hunted her out afterward, shook hands with and longed to kiss her? I'm deeply interested in her, and so is Robert, although he won't acknowledge it even to himself. Are you so blind as not to see that Wordsworth's Lucy, as he calls her, is every way

worthy of our boy? If he gives the story into her pure hands, leaves her to tell it in her tender, womanly way, a bond is established between them that may end in healing this terrible hurt, and restoring our dear one to peace and happiness."

After reflecting a moment, Alida said: "You're right, Eleanor, as you always are."

Having the approval of his own judgment, and that of his family, nothing remained for Mr. Merideth but to seek an early opportunity of seeing Yes alone and telling her his story. He was young enough, romantic enough, to conjure up pictures of her as she would look when she heard it. Seeing in imagination the sea-shell pink deepening on her cheeks, the sweet gray eyes growing dewy, the maiden mouth tremulous. The more he dwelt upon it the more anxious he became to make this picture real, and found himself growing singularly impatient of delay. There was small chance of seeing her alone at the cottage. Grandma Alloway was a fixture there, and grandpa seldom far away. Indeed, even her girl-companions complained that it was almost impossible to have a word in secret with Yes; and, on one occasion, a prudent matron remonstrated with the aged couple, saying they never gave the beaux a chance.

"No," replied the old gentleman. "I'm not going to have a fellow sneak around and steal my girl's heart, then ask me if he can have it! He's got to ask me first, then get it, if he can, like an honest man."

Yes was in her eighteenth year, and nobody had asked for her. She was so shy, so modest and retiring, few gave a thought as to whether she was pretty or ugly, sweet or otherwise, until Robert Merideth, brooding over the ruins of a shattered idol, longing to tell her how that it had fallen forward on its face, came to consider hers the loveliest countenance mortal ever wore. He had been in the way of meeting her occasionally on the street, or in some humble home where her sweet voice and touch eased the heartache or cooled the fever, but, just now froward circumstances interfered. He carried his story, as he meant to tell it, everywhere, and everywhere missed her.

Sitting in the ivy bower, with its dark tresses drooping in the heat, the gold-fish motionless, the canaries mute, Eleanor Merideth read a letter from Robert containing startling news. Yes and her grandfather were acting strangely. His movements at times were stumbling and uncertain, while she followed and watched closely, so that but for a noble record the gloomiest suspicions of the old man would gain credence. People whispered and said, "Any way, Jacob Alloway had made considerable off of them, and had a snug place outside the borough, a younger man would be more acceptable."

A second letter read under the ivy-bower threw no light on the affair. The mystery deepened. Mr. Alloway avoided society, and Yes, giving up everything, secluded herself with him. When they appeared, he invariably held her hand or rested his horny palm on her shoulder, apparently more devoted than ever before.

Grandma Alloway was as mute on the subject as the deaf and dumb woman who did all their work, and was now doing a goodly part of the sexton's. When questioned, the old lady would say: "He took the death of our daughter Amanda's husband very hard. We expect her to make her home with us in September. She brings her son with her. Young Jacob's a big, strong boy, he'll take hold."

Or, she would remark more simply: "My Jacob is ageing. We're all growing old, neighbor."

The church was no very great affair, yet, seeing it by moonlight, one could scarcely believe that. Shadow of oak and ivy threw quaint etchings on the window-panes, tessellated the aisles and frescoed wall and ceiling. Such transformation was being wrought one evening, when Mr. Merideth entered the sacred edifice alone for the purpose of discovering the origin of certain movements which had set silly folks' tongues going. Ensconcing himself within the pulpit, he waited there, watching the play of silver light and photographic shadow, when, without sound of a footfall, a slender figure appeared in the broad aisle. She, for it was a woman, came swiftly into the pulpit and threw herself on her knees before the chair he usually occupied. Then, spite of the dark cloak enveloping her from head to foot, the pastor recognized her. It was no time for ceremony; a tender voice glided in upon the tempest of sobs breaking the stillness.

"Yes. Miss Alloway."

She started to her feet with a terrified shriek, but his assuring tones quieted her fear. In all Mr. Merideth's visions as to how he would tell his story, and where, the church had no place. Yet, after listening to the tearful, simple tale Yes told under that sacred roof, he poured forth his own, and how changed from its original construction. The inmost recesses of his heart opening, showed him, not the face of the proud beauty who scorned his love, that never had place there, but of a girl in her spring-time loveliness, with eyes like angels', and with moonlight on her soft brown hair.

Life's surface mirrored the more dazzling image, life's very depths held this. Her simple, artless relation of the trial she was bearing so nobly, her confidence in him, her sympathy for him, her tender, maiden reserve, the hour, the place, conspired to make the revelation complete. He loved her, yet honored her too sincerely to tell her so that night.

The dear girl had gone there in the sheltering dark to ease her burdened mind and attend to some light duty which neither her grandfather nor Bettina were able to perform. The old sexton was almost entirely blind, that was the secret which overhung the willow-tented cottage, and seemed to have set even the scarlet and purple bean-flowers to whispering and surmising.

She was only Yes Alloway and he was the minister, yet, coming out under the full splendor of moon and stars, she knew that she loved him, and that, although the ashes of long, lonely years came down on head and heart, she would love no other.

A few days later Amanda Grand arrived, and the time for keeping the sexton's secret was past. 'Manda pulled the whole affair up by the roots, so to speak, and shook it in the gossips' faces.

"Some of you wanted to get rid of my dear old father, but thought yourselves too good to turn him off without sufficient reason. Had you known he was nearly blind, that would have been enough, away he'd had to go, and 'twould have broken his blessed heart out and out. He's grown up in this place, and grown into it, and now my big boy's here, he shall die in it when his time comes. That's the whole of it."

"Mr. Alloway, am I at liberty to woo your granddaughter, and, if so blest, win her?"

They sat together on the sexton's porch, three of them, and it was not the shadow of the scarlet bean-flowers that brought such color into the fairest face.

"If the girl's willing, there's but one answer to that question," replied the old man. "Come here, child." She slipped her pretty, trembling fingers into his. "It is this," and he placed her hand in Robert Merideth's; "it is Yes."

EAGLESCLIFFE.*

BY MRS. JULIA C. E. DORE.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE snow of Eaglescliffe was three feet deep on a level. How deep it was in drifts, in hollows, and in the mountain-passes, this deponent saith not. For almost the first time within the memory of man, or at least within the memory of Hepsibah Morris and Tryphena Greenough, there was no path across the three-cornered meadow. The tips of the picket-fences that enclosed the yards of their respective houses, just peered above the snow. Between lay one smooth, unbroken expanse of white. It was easier to go round by the road, than to cut a channel through such a solid layer of marble.

Besides, if the truth must be told, there was much less need that winter for easy and quick communication between the two houses than there had been formerly. The "women-folks"—to use the vernacular of the place—were just as good friends as ever, but they did not see each other as often. Hepsibah, in fact, very seldom left the house, having never entirely recovered from her long illness of the summer after brother David died; though she had astonished her good physician by being much less of an invalid than he had prophesied. Tryphena and Tryphosa had grown older than they once were, and began to feel that it was hardly safe, when there was snow on the ground, to throw shawls over their heads and "run across." If they were going to put on cloaks and bonnets, and make a business of wrapping up, why then they might as well take a longer walk to pay for the trouble. They did not work for their neighbors now-a-days, except as a neighborly kindness, in case of sickness or other

pressing household emergency. It was not necessary. They had been prosperous women, and their small patrimony had more than doubled in value. They had money in the Bank, and were independent. It was time, they said, for them to take their ease a little before the days should come when the grasshopper would be a burden. Yet no bride in the little town would have thought herself lawfully married if the sisters had had nothing to do with the making of her wedding garments; no child was born whose mother did not turn to Tryphena for aid and comfort; and very rarely was a pale face carried to the graveyard on the hill whose last pillow had not been smoothed by their tender, tireless hands. They were very busy still; and no two women in all Eaglescliffe were more honored and looked up to than the Greenough girls—for girls they would be called to the day of their death.

Winnie's year at Mrs. Willard's had ended last autumn, and she was at home now. It had not spoiled her, Aunt Pheny said; though now it was all over, she was free to confess she had been half-afraid it would. She had not quite known what to expect of these fashionable boarding-schools, not having had any experience of the sort in her young days. But times had changed. More was expected of girls than there had been when she was young; and if Winnie wanted more schooling than she could get at home, she and Phosy were bound she should have it. And it hadn't hurt her one mite. For her part she believed now that Mrs. Willard, and the other ladies there at that school, were downright sensible women, who knew how to make scholars of girls without spoiling them for everything else. Winnie had done first-rate, too, Pheny whispered to Dr. Mason, confidentially. Mrs. Willard had found, to her surprise, that by a little extra effort the girl was quite competent to go on with the senior class, and she had graduated with the best of them. Perhaps Dr. Mason saw an account of it in the Troy papers? Dr. Mason did see it; and he had also seen and read Winnie's graduating essay, which had the honor of being one of three chosen for publication.

A certain distance and reserve, perhaps it would hardly do to say coldness, had grown up between Karl and Winnie. Perhaps we ought rather to say that the slight cloud that fell between them about the time she went to Troy had never wholly lifted. During her vacations they had met under a little sense of restraint, the natural outgrowth of their misunderstanding at parting, and she did not remain long enough for the restraint to wear away.

Now that she had come home for the winter, somehow it happened that they did not readily resume their old, frank, half-brotherly and sisterly relations. Karl found it difficult to see her alone. He had lost the old habit of dropping in for a moment in a careless, informal way, whenever he had occasion to pass the house. She went often to see Miss Hepsibah, for there could not fail to be the sweetest, tenderest sympathy between these two of whom it was true, as Karl had told Mrs. Farleigh, that their lives had been one long aspi-

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by MRS. JULIA C. E. DORE, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

ration. The elder woman had known all the vague unrest and nameless longing, the persistent though silent upreaching, that from the time she was twelve years old had made the young girl eager, in lieu of something better, to plunge into the depths of Latin text-books and Greek lexicons, and to press farther into the recondite mysteries of mathematics in a district school, than half her sisters do in the crowded colleges of to-day. During this last year her feet had been straying in green fields and pastures new, where the herbage was thick and juicy, and the waters were clear as crystal, and she had revelled in the rich domain of English literature, as in a new world of exhaustless delights. They were reading something together this winter, she and Hep-sibah; but it was noticeable that Winny and her book always appeared at the very hours when Karl was sure to be busy elsewhere. She had not been in the studio once since the day when Karl took her up there to see Miss McAlpine's picture—probably because he had not asked her to go; and he had not asked her because she was silent on the subject and, as he thought, uninterested. So they went on, playing at cross-purposes.

There was another thing. Winny, the brightest, prettiest girl of all the country round, was the acknowledged belle of Eaglescliffe that winter; and Andrew Moulton, the only son of the richest farmer in the town, had returned to his old allegiance which had been summarily broken by the episode of the carnelian ring, and by the little lady's subsequent refusal to accept from him a love-token in the shape of a candy heart, with her name inscribed thereon in illuminated text.

Now, however, it was quite evident that he was at her feet; and as he was a manly young fellow enough, with good prospects and an unblemished character—decidedly the best match in town—it was perhaps not strange that Tryphena and Tryphosa, wise women that they were, were not sorry to see him there.

"Fact is, Phosy," said Pheny, one evening, as they were discussing the matter, the young folks being at the school-house preparing for some sort of a Christmas festival. "Fact is, I don't like the idea of having Winny go off to Virginia to teach. There's no need of it, if she could only be contented, and who knows what might happen to her? I'd rather have her get married and settle down where we can have some good of her; and the Moultons are all first-rate providers, every soul of 'em."

"Yes," said Tryphosa, musingly. "But, somehow, I don't exactly see my way clear to favor it, though I hain't a doubt it would be a good thing for Winny. But—there's a 'but' to everything in this world, I do believe," she added with a sigh.

"Where does it come in here, I'd like to know?" asked Pheny, looking over her spectacles.

"What's come in between Karl and Winny, do you suppose?" was the irrelevant response. "They used to be such good friends!"

"Phosy," was the solemn answer, "there's nothing on the face of the earth that's so curious

and unaccountable as the ways of young folks. They're past finding out."

The cottage had been shut up for more than a year, doors locked and windows darkened. Mrs. Farleigh had lost her attachment to Eaglescliffe, it seemed, as soon as she became convinced that her mission there was fruitless. She had kept her word; and from the day of that last interview in the studio had said nothing to Karl of a private or personal nature. Nothing but this. When she went away she sent him the key of the house, saying she did not know how long she should be gone, and that in the meanwhile if any of the books or pictures would be of service to him they were at his command.

But to go back to the snow that lay cold and white and deep, up hill and down dale, all over Eaglescliffe and the adjacent country. It was the topic of conversation at the dinner-table where Dr. Mason was entertaining a noted traveller who happened to be his guest. The old man of eighty odd years, whose hair was as white as the snow out of doors, was still as straight and looked almost as vigorous as the younger man at his side.

Dessert was served, and as Mr. Carrington was paring an apple he paused for a moment, letting the bright red spiral swing from his knife, while his eyes were bent thoughtfully on some object out of doors.

"Does this remind you in any way of your travels in the far north—in Sweden or Norway, for instance?" inquired the doctor, helping himself to a semi-translucent globe of green and gold.

"On the contrary, by some strange law of contrast, I presume," returned Mr. Carrington, with a smile, "it carries me straight to the Orient—to Egypt and the Nile. I was looking at a palm-tree when you spoke—not at that hemlock; and heard the dip of the oars and the cries of my dark-browed boatmen, instead of the wind as it sweeps down from old Graybeard yonder."

"Old Graybeard?" repeated the doctor, lifting his eyebrows. "How do you happen to have any knowledge of our local expressions, our colloquialisms, so to speak? Our grand old warder has another name on the atlas. You have never been in this region before, I think, sir?"

"Oh, yes, doctor, once. Many years ago I went through here on my way from Montreal to New York, in the old stage-coach. I was quite a young man then, and I remember I was greatly amused at the driver—a hearty, burly, good-natured Yankee, who was 'hail-fellow-well-met' with every man, woman and child along the whole route. He was always calling my attention to something or another, and I distinctly remember his pointing that mountain out to me as the Graybeard. The name impressed me. They called him Major, I believe."

The doctor laughed heartily. "The sturdy old Major! and you have really remembered him so many years? Every one knew him. He was an honest, and I verily believe a God-fearing man, although rude in speech and, I have been told, slightly profane at times, under the stress of strong

provocation. Well! well! The churches, you know, are greatly divided on some cardinal points; and the controversialists among us toss faith and works back and forth as the lads toss their footballs. But if works are ever of any avail, I cannot doubt that his good deeds will be counted unto him for righteousness. Yet I confess I am not quite clear how much we may be allowed to concede. It may be that, as we grow older, Mr. Carrington, we are inclined to unduly magnify the life, and to attach too little importance to the doctrine," and the good doctor looked anxiously across the table.

Mr. Carrington bowed his head silently. He was not very well versed in polemics.

"How long ago may that have been, Mr. Carrington?" resumed the doctor, when he saw his guest did not respond to his theological lead.

"I can't say precisely. Twenty years, more or less. It was my first introduction to a real New England snow-storm, and perhaps that's why I remember it so well. We rode all day in a furious, blinding storm, and at night—why, let's see! It must have been just about here that we dropped the other two passengers—a lady and a little boy—and I went on alone."

The doctor started with a little exclamation, and a faint pink, like a girl's blush, tinged his cheeks.

"What did you say?" he asked, leaning forward, with his hand curved round his ear.

"Dropped the other passengers—a lady and a little boy—somewhere about here?"

"Yes. She was ill—too ill to go on; and that great, burly Major, who had been like a father to her all day, stopped at a farm-house by the roadside and made them take her in."

"Was she able to walk?" was the doctor's seemingly frivolous question.

"Oh, no! A Good Samaritan came out with a lantern while the Major swept a path through the snow, and they carried her in, half-fainting. What a Rembrandtish scene it was—the dark night, the rough faces and figures of the men, the ghostly trees casting such unearthly shadows, the drooping, swaying form of the woman, and the strong red light of the lantern illumining the centre of the picture! It is one of the strangest of mental phenomena, doctor," he added, turning toward him with a philosophic air, "the indelible impressions that are made upon our minds by certain trivial scenes or events. I have travelled the wide world over, and forgotten so much that it was infinitely important for me to remember, and yet every little circumstance connected with that journey is fresh and vivid after the lapse of a score of years!"

But, to his great astonishment, Dr. Mason, instead of catching at the metaphysical bait he had thrown to him, gazed at him for a few seconds as one bewildered, and then exclaimed with uplifted hands: "And so you were the other passenger?"

"I certainly was," Mr. Carrington answered, "if by the 'other passenger' you mean the man who went on to Jericho that stormy night. But what do you know about it, doctor?"

He replied by asking another question.

"Do you remember how the child looked, Mr. Carrington?"

"Oh, he was a pretty, curly-haired little fellow, two or three years old, with eyes as blue as forget-me-nots."

"And the mother?"

"She was young, and would have been beautiful if she had not been so frightfully pallid."

"Dark-haired?"

"Oh, no! Yellow as sunshine. But why do you ask these questions? Do you know anything about them?"

"The mother died the very next day," said Dr. Mason, "and the boy is the tall, handsome young fellow to whom I introduced you last evening. He came into my study for a moment, if you remember."

"Is it possible?" cried Mr. Carrington, half-rising from his seat. "What, that young Harvey? Harvey—Harvey," he repeated, as if trying to recall something. "I am sure that was not the name. And so the poor mother died the next day? Dear, dear!"

Dr. Mason told him the whole story briefly but graphically, ending with: "And now, Mr. Carrington, if you learned anything that day which tends to throw a ray of light on this affair, you will perhaps be ready to ask yourself if the Providence that watches over sparrows has not something to do with the mental phenomena of which you spoke a little while ago."

"But I did not, my dear doctor," Mr. Carrington answered, with a smile. "Most unfortunately both for the facts and for your theory, I did not. That is, I learned nothing of any account, though I had some little conversation with the lady."

"Everything is of account," returned the doctor. "You must remember that this young man knows nothing whatever of his parentage. He cannot even feel sure that he was born in wedlock, though—"

"Oh, there's no doubt whatever on that point, doctor! I had, as I say, some conversation with the lady, as was but natural in such a long day's journey in a stage-coach, though she was very quiet and reticent. She told me her husband had died but a few months previous, leaving her alone in a city of strangers."

"Where was she going?"

"To New York, where she had some acquaintances through whose aid she hoped to be able to go home."

"Home?"

"To Germany. She was a German, as you probably discovered. I suspected—strongly, too—that she had made a runaway match; fallen in love with her teacher, or something of that sort, which accounted for her desolate and friendless condition."

"Why do you say 'with her teacher'? Did she speak of her husband's business or profession?"

"Not directly; or if she did, I have forgotten it. I have a vague impression, however, which I must of course have received from her, that he was a teacher of the English language and of drawing; but I find it impossible to discriminate, at this length of time, between what she said and what I inferred. He had been sick a long time, I remember that much."

"If you could only recall the name!" sighed the doctor.

"It's a great pity I can't," said Mr. Carrington. "I only know that it was a three-syllabled name, not in the least like Harvey. Here it is again, you see, doctor. When I remember all about the snow and the lantern, and just how the old weather-beaten stage looked, and even what we had for dinner, why should I forget that name? But I must see that young fellow," he added, rising. "Where will I be likely to find him at this hour, do you think?"

"My sleigh is at your service, and I shall take great pleasure in being your escort. Indeed, I was about to propose it," was the courteous answer. "One thing more, however, Mr. Carrington. You have used the word 'lady' several times in speaking of that poor young mother. You used it advisedly?"

"Most certainly. She was a lady by education and breeding. Of that, at least, there can be no question."

"We have thought so—we have believed so," said the doctor, as he prepared for his wintry drive. "Nevertheless, it is a great satisfaction to have our impressions so strongly confirmed. Are you ready, sir?"

"The very spot!" cried Mr. Carrington, as they drew up before Hepsibah's gate. "Things don't change much in this corner of the world, doctor! That old house looks just as it did twenty years ago, lilac bushes and all, and the snow is just about as deep."

"Some things change, however, even here," remarked the doctor, as Karl opened the door and came out bare-headed. "Little boys, for example, Mr. Carrington!"

It is needless to repeat the conversation of the next hour, or to speak of Karl's emotion at being brought thus unexpectedly face to face with his long-buried past. It was too true that Mr. Carrington could tell him very little. He could add almost nothing to his store of positive knowledge as to his father and mother. But even that little was a great deal to him. It was something to look into eyes that had met his mother's in intelligent question and response; to hear a voice that she had heard; to listen to her praises from one who had evidently carried a pleasant memory of her form and face and carriage through all these silent years. It made him seem less like a waif, or a changeling.

CHAPTER XXIX.

TO tell the truth, Karl had never thought much about his father; while, thanks to Hepsibah's reverent and oft-repeated story of her death and burial, and to a vague vision of his own that might be either a dream or a memory, his mother had been a living power in his life, kindling his imagination and stimulating his intellect. He had stood beside her grave, too, seeing clearly, far down beneath the grass and daisies, the calm, sweet face with its coronal of gold. She had lived in his heart.

But of his father, the dim, faded daguerreotype

that was now, and had been for years, scarcely more than a shadow on the plate, told him nothing. He seemed to his son a mere ghost—a pallid something that had neither form nor substance, and in which he felt no very especial interest. Now suddenly the disembodied spirit was clothed in garments of flesh. It lived and moved and had a being. His father, according to Mr. Carrington's opinion and belief, had been a teacher of the English language and of drawing. Mr. Carrington, as his newly-awakened memory went eagerly back to that day's journey, revived other half-forgotten impressions. He thought, though he could not say he knew, that the young couple had landed in Quebec, and made their way down to Montreal, where the husband expected to find, as he had elsewhere, plenty of work and plenty of money. But illness came speedily—a long and slow decline, exhausting their resources and wearing out their lives.

This was not much. But unless Mr. Carrington's impressions were greatly at fault, it proved that his father was a man of culture and education. A teacher of drawing! Then he knew something of art, and perhaps loved it, even as his son did. Perhaps he had all, or more, than his son's aspirations. Perhaps he was a painter in heart and purpose; and that the teaching was only a stepping-stone, a bread-and-butter question while working his way. A thrill unfelt before ran through Karl's whole frame at this thought. His heart throbbed painfully, and he turned to the window to hide the tears that welled up from the deepest recesses of his being. It mattered little, comparatively, that he did not know his father's name, if he could have this blessed assurance that they were akin in soul and sympathy.

Mr. Carrington's eye, wandering carelessly about the room yet seeing everything, as a traveller's eye should, fell upon a picture hanging above Hepsibah's work-table. It was a portrait of Captain David, painted from memory aided by some rough sketches he had in the studio, that Karl had given her on her last birthday. Enough of a connoisseur to be at once aware it was too good a piece of work to be looked for in a country farmhouse, Mr. Carrington rose from his seat and took a deliberate survey of it. The rugged yet kindly face, the iron-gray head, the massive shoulders, were singularly impressive. It was the captain himself, not idealized, but at his best.

"It is a portrait of my brother," said Hepsibah, as her guest turned toward her with a question on his lips.

"Who painted it?" he asked.

"He did," she answered, nodding at Karl, who still stood with his back toward them, looking out of the window and all unconscious of this by-play.

"Whew!" exclaimed Mr. Carrington with a low, suppressed whistle. "He?"—and then betook himself again to a careful study of the picture.

The truth was, Dr. Mason, in giving Mr. Carrington a short resumé of Karl's life and experience, had entirely omitted any mention of his leaning toward art; not intentionally but because

he really forgot it. It was in his eyes a matter of no possible consequence as compared with the neglected classics, and the compulsory abandonment of the collegiate course.

The gentleman wheeled round at last. "What else has he done?" he said to Hepsibah in a low tone. But before she could reply, Karl turned from the window.

"See here, young man!" cried Mr. Carrington, approaching him, and clapping him on the shoulder, "why didn't you tell me you were an artist? I didn't dream of it."

"Nor did I," said Karl, his eyes kindling. "But I mean to be one some day, Mr. Carrington!"

"You are one already, boy, whether you know it or not. Who taught you to paint like that?"

"No one."

"And you've never been out of this seven by nine burgh? You've never had a master?"

Karl shook his head.

"Where do you keep your traps and things?" was Mr. Carrington's next question. "I'll engage you've a studio, or a workshop of some sort round here, even if you're not an artist! Come, I want to see what else you have to show. You'll excuse us, Dr. Mason, if you don't care to go with us? I suppose this is all an old story to you," he added, as he saw his venerable host sat unmoved and apparently uninterested, with his hands clasped on his gold-headed cane.

"I think perhaps I had better leave you here," said the doctor, "if you will not regard it as a breach of courtesy. The sun will be going down before a great while; and at my advanced age—"

"Oh, don't wait a moment on my account, doctor, I beg," interrupted Mr. Carrington. "I can find my way back easily enough, and shall enjoy the walk."

But here Hepsibah's gentle voice was heard proposing that he should stay to tea, and that Karl should take him to the parsonage in the evening. So that was settled, and Dr. Mason departed.

The two other gentlemen went to the studio, whither we will follow them. The appearance of the place has changed somewhat since we saw it last, a year and a half ago. Much of the crude, early work has disappeared; been stacked away in a dark corner to make room for something better, or been utterly destroyed, as the case may be. Only the best of the old work is here, and there is much that is new, for Karl has been hard at work whenever he has had an hour of leisure during all these months. This winter, especially, he has been thoroughly possessed with the divine phrensy that would not let him rest.

Mr. Carrington had not been in the room five minutes before Karl felt that he was in the hands of a master—that he was being tried in the balances. Not that his judgment was an artist himself, but that he was a connoisseur whose judgment was so grounded on knowledge, taste, fairness, and the insight of a clear, far-reaching sympathy, that it could not easily be impeached. The young fellow's heart was in his mouth as his new friend passed from canvas to canvas, sometimes making brief, crisp, incisive comments, sometimes simply

nodding, sometimes pausing long and thoughtfully. Karl did not accompany him in this progress. He sat quietly in the high-backed chair, saying nothing.

"Well, what have we here?" said Mr. Carrington at last, laying his hand on the easel. "This is the youngest born, I suppose. Am I to see it?"

"It is not finished, but I suppose it can be looked at," Karl answered, after a moment's hesitation, turning the face of the canvas to the front. His own face turned a shade paler as he did so.

It was a picturesquely posed group of three female figures, strikingly contrasted, and as strikingly life-like. They seemed to be moved by one common impulse, and absorbed in one common work, though that work was in some strange way suggested rather than portrayed. You felt, rather than saw, that they might be weaving some invisible web—the web of fate, perhaps, on an invisible loom. If you failed to detect this, you would still have seen what you might have called Age, Maturity and Youth. The face of the eldest of the three women was what Hepsibah's might be ten years from now, when to its rare spiritual refinement should be added the touching, pathetic feebleness of age; the second figure had in its mature and stately grace some subtle suggestion of Mrs. Farleigh, though it was by no means a likeness of her; the third, it is perhaps needless to say, was—Winny, with her brown eyes a-light, and all the dewy freshness of the morning in her face—the very incarnation of girlhood.

The picture was unfinished, but its soul was there. The figures were so thoroughly alive that the first impression was absolutely startling.

"By Jupiter!" exclaimed Mr. Carrington, after a moment of utter silence, during which he had stared at the painting as if spellbound, and Karl had been hearing his own heart beat, half stifled. Then he caught it from the easel. "Let's go down," he said. "It's getting too dark up here, and I want to see this thing in a stronger light," and off he marched, carrying the canvas with him.

He placed it on a chair in the living-room, which was still bright with the low, slanting sunbeams, and resumed his inspection; nor did he turn away from it until the short afterglow had faded, and shadows were gathering in the approaching twilight. Then going to the fire, he stood on the rug with his hands behind him, looking curiously down on Karl, who sat in brother David's chair in the corner. He did not quite know what to make of him, working away here in this quiet fashion, and seemingly with no comprehension of the fact that he was doing anything noteworthy.

"Young man," he said at last, "you must finish up that picture and send it to the Exhibition next spring."

Karl raised his eyes inquiringly.

"Of the Academy—National Academy, you know—at New York," Mr. Carrington went on. "Exhibition opens about the first of April. You'll have plenty of time, won't you?"

"Is it—good enough—to warrant such a venture?" Karl asked, stammeringly, his face flushing in the firelight.

"Good enough? Why, man alive, don't you

know how good it is without being told? Can't you see for yourself that if you finish it as you've begun it ought to make your reputation?"

He half thought that Karl was, as we say, putting on airs—affecting an innocent simplicity that did not belong to him. That a man should do first-rate work and not know it, in this self-asserting, aggressive age, seemed to him an absurdity. It is possible his companion detected the feeling, for he answered gravely: "No, Mr. Carrington, I do not know how good a picture must be to be considered very good; I know nothing about modern painting, or the work that is done now-a-days. The few pictures I have seen have all been copies of the old masters; and perhaps you can imagine how much they would help a fellow of my age to judge of his own crude attempts," he added, with a little bitterness in his voice, as he turned his head away from Mr. Carrington's piercing eyes.

"My dear fellow," said the latter, "I believe you to be as honest as you are modest, and that is saying a great deal! If you don't understand yourself, I must try to make you. We won't talk about genius. The word is so misapplied and perverted that sensible people are shy of it. But you have undeniable power; and you are doing uncommonly good work. That picture is the liveliest thing I've seen in an age, and it must go to the exhibition. So must the portrait of Captain Morris, if Miss Morris can spare it long enough."

Judging from the expression of Miss Morris's face at that moment, she would have spared her own head, if it had been necessary, and without the slightest hesitation. As for Karl, he was dumb and opened not his mouth.

"How long will it take you to finish that group?" asked Mr. Carrington at the tea-table.

"Not long, if I were to give my time to it. But I should wish to keep it within reach for a month or two if I could, before calling it done."

"That's just what you can do. Send it down to me—at University Place—about the first of March, and I'll attend to it. I happen to know the hanging committee pretty well this year, every one of them—which is lucky."

I'm afraid Karl did not sleep much that night, and it is certain Hepsibah did not.

"You won't object to selling that picture, I suppose, if you can get a fair price for it?" asked Mr. Carrington, as he bade Karl good-bye late the next afternoon.

"No," said Karl, with a slight hesitation of manner. "I suppose I must not object, though I wish I could afford to keep it. But I haven't the remotest idea what a fair price would be, Mr. Carrington."

"No? Well, I'll give a thousand dollars for it. But I tell you frankly it is worth more than that, and I advise you not to accept my offer; which is, however, all I can afford. Wait till we hear what the critics have to say! Good-bye, my dear fellow. Write to me—you have my address," and once again the stage-coach on runners carried Mr. Carrington away from Eaglescliffe, leaving Karl behind.

A thousand dollars! Why, it was more than

Captain David had ever made from the farm in any one year; more than Dr. Mason's salary for a twelvemonth! Was it any wonder that Karl grew dizzy for a moment, and that the solid earth seemed sliding from beneath his feet?

Andrew Moulton swept by just then, in a stylish new cutter, with a scarlet-faced wolf-skin robe, and a string of silvery bells. He bowed to Karl with a slightly triumphant air, as the latter stepped aside into the snow to let him pass.

"Hallo, Karl!" he cried, with a wave of his hand. "Going to the sleigh-ride to-night? I'm after Winny, now. Supper at Winslow's, you know, and a dance, maybe," he shouted from the distance.

Karl had forgotten all about the sleigh-ride, in the excitement of Mr. Carrington's visit, and now stood stock-still in the road, looking gloomily after the disappearing sleigh. Or rather he had forgotten the day of the week. He had intended to be one of this party, when the project was mentioned to him yesterday. He had meant to ask Winny to go with him; and then when he was sure of having her all to himself for an hour or two, he would try to break down the barrier that had so strangely grown between them. Perhaps, if she seemed in the least like her old familiar self, the Winny who had once shared his every thought, he would tell her how he had been trying to paint her again without a sitting, and would ask her to come to the studio and see the picture.

And now it was too late—and there went Andrew Moulton! He ground his heel into the snow till it creaked beneath it, and then strode on sturdily and half-defiantly. He had never thought himself "in love" with Winny. The innocent love-making of their childhood had meant to him nothing more than that in some inscrutable way they were always to be together in marvellous palaces, or enchanted gardens—living in a child-paradise. In fact, he had not as yet thought consciously of love, save as a far-off beautiful dream for which the fullness of time had not yet come. His life had been too busy, too full of other interests and ambitions. Perhaps the artist in him had dominated over the lover.

But now a fierce pang of jealousy shot through his heart, less at the thought of losing Winny himself, than of yielding her to another. Always until since her return from school last autumn, he had been her escort, her champion, her true and loyal knight. As when they were children he had drawn her to school on his sled every winter, and found the first strawberries for her every summer, to the utter rout and discomfiture of every other boy, so since they had been older it had been a matter of course, something to be taken for granted without many words, that if Winny went to lecture, or singing-school, or merry-making, it was under Karl's protection. Now, the faint tinkling of Andrew Moulton's bells was borne back to him on the keen west wind; and up in her maiden chamber, Winny, without doubt, was making herself ready for his coming. Suddenly he found the thought that any other could take his place, could be all and more

to her than he had been, could possess a better claim than he had ever had to her merry smiles, her frank, kind greeting, her pleasant words and earnest, womanly thoughts—in short, could have the right to come nearer to her than he had ever done, was fraught with the keenest pain.

He tramped home through the snow, and forgot to tell Hepsibah of the thousand dollars Mr. Carrington had offered for the picture. Greatly did she marvel at his grave reticence that night. She had expected him to come home as jubilant as any bobolink in May. After supper he went up to the studio for an hour or so, and when he came down took a book and went to reading. But Hepsibah, looking over his shoulder at intervals of half an hour, perceived that he had not turned the page.

"Dear me, Karl, I'm so sorry!" she said, looking up as the clock struck eight. "But I promised to send this missionary basket over to the girls to-night, and I forgot all about it. Tryphena wants it the first thing in the morning. Would you mind running over with it, if it is late?"

He went out with the basket, and round by the road, thinking of the pleasant, neighborly days when there was always a path across the meadow, no matter how deep the snow was; and how the distance between him and Winny had lengthened even as that between the two houses. He should not find her to-night. She was off riding with Andrew Moulton.

He stopped stock-still in the road to think it over, as his eye caught the bright light from the window. What was the matter? What had come between them? He did not know what he had done; and when he looked at the matter seriously, he did not know what Winny had done, either. Only they had been drifting apart somehow for months and months. It was Andrew Moulton, with his fine horses and his flocks and herds, and the new house for which the plans were drawn. He was at the bottom of it, he thought, gloomily, yet smiling with a sly satisfaction as his mind reverted to the ring under the thorn-bush, snatched with tears from the little finger, and buried deep because he—Karl—had wished it! Andrew Moulton had not been lord and master in those days, that was one comfort.

And, by Jove, perhaps he would not be now, unless this same Karl chose to abdicate his throne! His heart gave a great leap—literally a leap in the dark—and he felt the warm blood rushing to his cheeks. Had he been a fool? Had he stood idly by, and seen another snatch at his crown without making an effort to save it?

If Karl's love seems to spring to life full grown, remember it has been growing silently all his life-long. It sprang to light, not to life, that night.

He gave the heavy basket a new cant upon his arm, and moved on swiftly into the broad track of ruddy light that streamed far out over the snow, while his eye sought the bright window as unconsciously as the needle seeks the magnet. Tryphena did not believe in hiding one's candle under a bushel. When it was bed-time she would close the shutters, but no belated traveller should go astray because her house stood rayless in the dark. How many, many times Karl had stood in that

very spot, just outside the gate, and tossed a handful of snow against the pane, for the mere pleasure of seeing Winny's little start of surprise, and the flash of her brown eyes as she raised them from her book! She was not there now. He would just leave the basket and go home again.

Just then a slight, girlish figure passed between him and the light. The gate swung to behind him with a sharp clang as he sprang up the narrow path.

He saw it all again—the quick, half-startled glance of surprise, the flashing light in the brown eyes and the sudden dropping of the lids over them, as, forgetful of the long restraint, he rushed into the house after his old fashion, giving the one little premonitory knock that no one had ever thought it necessary to answer.

Winny was alone, in her ordinary simple home-dress, with a narrow crimped ruffle and a knot of scarlet ribbon at her throat, and another tiny one, like a brilliant butterfly, nestling in the folds of her dark hair. Her work-basket was on the table beside her, and a bit of sewing in her hand. For a moment she flushed and trembled, and a tell-tale drop of crimson dyed the cambric she was hemming; then the pride and self-possession that so often stands women in good stead came to her aid, and she received her unlooked-for guest as quietly as if his informal entrance was still an every-day habit. But Karl had never felt quite so far away from her as when she courteously bade him be seated, and after a commonplace remark or two, such as had never been in vogue between them in the old days, resumed her sewing.

It was necessary for him to say something—and of course he said the wrong thing.

"I did not expect to see you. I supposed you were out this evening," he stammered. "I only came to bring this basket to your aunts."

She raised her eyebrows. "Indeed! I am sorry they are not in," she said, freezingly, stitching away for dear life. "But it is not at all necessary for you to apologize for having called—on an errand."

He colored, angry at his own stupidity, as he saw his blunder.

"I did not mean to apologize," he said. "Surely you cannot so misunderstand me. But I supposed you had gone to the sleighride to-night—with Andrew Moulton."

Now, to tell the truth, Winny herself, remembering that she had never in her life gone on a sleighride except under Karl's escort, had all day long kept a little, faint, shy hope at her heart that he, too, would remember it, and would ask her to go to this one. She was so grieved over this estrangement, so tired of it, and it all seemed so unaccountable. Aunt Pheney, she knew thought it was as much her fault as Karl's. But he had never been quite the same since Mrs. Farleigh's last coming—since he painted Miss Alice McAlpine's portrait. She wondered where the picture was—whether Mrs. Farleigh had taken it away, or whether it was still in the studio, making a glory in the place with its wealth of flowing gold. She would not ask, and it was partly the fear of

facing it that had kept her from going up there to see what Karl had done during the year she was away. But if he should ask her to go to this ride she would go—and perhaps she would find her friend again. As the hours wore on she came to regard it as a sort of test. Would he ask her or no, meant also were the embers of their old friendship yet alive, or was all over between them?—and now, after all, he cared no more for the broken ties than to stand carelessly on one side, and take it for granted she would go with Andrew Moulton, between whom and himself there had always been an acknowledged rivalry!

She did not answer him by so much as a word. Perhaps she could not. But her trembling fingers flew along the strip of ruffling at a dangerous speed. Aunt Phosy's keen eyes will detect some long stitches to-morrow.

"He—he told me he was coming for you," said Karl. "I saw him to-night on his way here in his elegant new turnout, and with a string of bells you could hear a mile," he added, with a spice of bitterness.

"What do I care for Andrew Moulton?" Winny blazed out, "or for his new cutter and sleigh-bells? What do I care for him now any more than when—"

She stopped short—and the needle broke with a sudden snap. Karl thought he saw the glitter of a tear on her dark eyelashes. He sprang to her side, managing to get possession of two trembling hands while the river of cambric flowed downward to the floor.

"When we buried the ring under the thorn-bush?" he cried. "O Winny! Winny! Can't we have the old life back again? Can't we go back and begin anew? For I have loved you all my life long, dear, and didn't know it!"

It was late when Karl went home, but the light was still burning in Hepsibah's room. Ever since she had been a semi-invalid and had been obliged to retire early, Karl had been in the habit of going to her room for a good-night chat after she went to bed. It was their time for little confidences and for the close, personal talks that are apt to shun the garish daylight. He was glad she had waited for him to-night.

"What is it, Karl?" she asked, raising herself on one elbow as she caught the first glimpse of his face. It wore a new expression; a lifted, radiant look that thrilled her.

He knelt beside the bed, bowing his head upon her hands. "It is this, Aunt Hepsibah," he said softly, "and you will be glad, I know, for me and for all of us. Winny has promised to be my wife—not just now, but by and by, when it seems wise and best."

CHAPTER XXX.

SPRING came and with it the Exhibition. The picture had gone to take its chances with the rest. How much earnest, happy work had gone into it during the month or two it remained in the studio after Mr. Carrington's visit, may be easily guessed. Karl's memory suddenly grew exceedingly treacherous. It was indispensable that there

should be daily sittings, and the first thing requisite was to make a path through the meadow. Karl never did a better bit of shoveling before or afterwards. It was astonishing, however, how much more work was needed upon Winny's own particular third of the canvas than upon the two other thirds, before the young painter consented to call the picture finished!

Karl, in the excitement of that memorable evening, had forgotten to tell either Hepsibah or Winny what Mr. Carrington had said of the money value of the picture; and afterwards, so absurd did the estimate seem to him, that he almost succeeded in persuading himself that there was some mistake about it; that he had misunderstood Mr. Carrington, or that that gentleman had, in the hurry of the moment, been guilty of a *lapsus linguæ*. At all events, he concluded to keep the matter to himself for the present. When the picture was really bought and paid for, it would be time enough to talk about the price.

But all the more eagerly did he watch the mails for news of his venture. The whole outlook of his life would be changed if Mr. Carrington's words were words of truth and soberness.

About the middle of April a letter came from him. As Karl opened it, a newspaper slip fell out, at which he glanced first. It read thus:

"At the private Exhibition last evening, perhaps no picture on the walls attracted more attention, both from artists and connoisseurs, than one hanging in the east room, on the middle line, not far from the south corner. It bears the monogram K. H., and is, we are told, the artist's first contribution to any exhibition. It is decidedly a work of genius, though not without faults. The figures—there are three of them—are almost startlingly alive, and one half expects to see them step down from the canvas and mingle with the crowd of spectators. The accessories are perhaps not quite so well done as the figures themselves; but some crudities and indiscretions can be overlooked in so young a painter who brings to his work such uncommon freshness and vigor. The name of the artist is withheld from the public for the present, but we understand the picture is already sold. We shall return to this subject again."

Karl's very heart stood still as he unfolded Mr. Carrington's letter.

"My dear fellow," it ran, "I am out of my wits with joy. The picture is a success! I enclose a slip from the —, whose art critic is one of the severest you will be likely to encounter. The *Tribune* speaks equally well of it. So does the correspondent of the *Philadelphia Press*. There is an admiring crowd in the south corner all the time, and the monogram is the puzzle of the day. Let them worry! By and by we'll read them the riddle. But now to business. I told you I would give one thousand dollars for the picture, which was all I could afford. All the same I didn't mean to take it if anybody else would give more for it, and yesterday the Great Mogul of Madison Square bought it for fifteen hundred. So I've lost my picture! Never mind. You shall paint me

another sometime—when my ship comes in. Mr. Richman will send you his check for the amount in a day or so. More anon.

"Yours faithfully,

"B. CARRINGTON."

How Hepsibah's heart sang alleluiahs over her boy's success, even while her lips trembled so that she could only kiss him silently, need not be told here. As for Winny, she took the whole matter very quietly. As when she was a little child, one touch of Karl's magic wand had changed the universe for her, and at his bidding she had seen the hemlock boughs grow into stately palaces, and meadow daisies transform themselves to jewels, so now through her implicit faith in him all things seemed possible, all triumphs within his reach. As the years go on she will be proud of his successes, but never astonished by them; and in her calm assurance, her unwavering belief in him, he will find his truest help, his highest inspiration.

The summer months passed swiftly. Karl had orders for two pictures; and between the farm and the studio his hands were full. There was so much happiness in doing and being and loving that he had little to do with dreams, even dreams of the blissful future in store for him and Winny. The present was so sweet, so engrossing, that it left little to be desired.

He wondered sometimes whether Mrs. Farleigh had heard of the success of his picture at the Exhibition. Eaglescliffe had lost sight of her for some months. He knew she went abroad in the spring, and for the first time in years she had not sent him her address. Even Dr. Mason knew nothing of her whereabouts. This would have been a pain to Karl—for he will never outgrow his grateful affection for her—if anything could have been a pain that summer. As it was, his eye never fell upon the key of the cottage that a little shadow did not soften it for a moment. He had never availed himself of her permission to use the key, though he could not have told why.

But the middle of September brought him a letter with a foreign postmark—a huge square packet with many seals, in lieu of one of Mrs. Farleigh's dainty, perfumed envelopes. The seals were black, and he tore the letter open with a thrill of dread. He knew as well before he had read the first paragraph as he did afterward that earth had grown suddenly poorer—for Mrs. Farleigh was dead. Her beauty and grace and loveliness had gone out of it, and could never be restored.

Karl was in the village street—and after glancing at the first half page he put the letter in his pocket, and drawing his hat far down over his eyes, strode on swiftly, eager to be alone. There were several enclosures in the packet, but he could not examine them, nor even finish reading the letter proper, in the presence of curious lookers-on. He would go home first.

But after he had gone a little way from the village, a sudden turn brought him in sight of the cottage, embowered in trees and half-hidden in bosky, unpruned shrubbery. Half-mechanically

he bent his way thitherward, and, unfastening the gate, passed along by the hedge to the path leading to the main entrance. There he sat down on the steps of the empty, silent house, and took the envelope from his pocket.

The first thing that met his eye as he took out the various papers, was a note in Mrs. Farleigh's handwriting. The faint violet odor that she loved still clung to it. He held it in his hand for many minutes unopened, his tears swelling at the thought that a mere scent, a perfumed breath, could outlast human life and human love.

After awhile he opened it—this last message from one whom he knew had loved him long and faithfully. Shall we read it with him?

"Nice, July 30th, 18—.

"MY DEAR KARL: Before you read this you will have learned that I am no longer on the earth. I am slowly dying; but before I go there is one thing I must say to you. *You were right.* I was selfish in my demand for your entire life, your entire love. Yet I see clearly now that if you had yielded to me I should have ceased to respect you—nay, more, I should in time have doubted you. I am glad you decided as you did, and so kept my ideal pure. It is worth more to me now than even your presence would be.

"Don't be sorry for anything in our past, Karl. It is all right. Tell Miss Morris" (the last two words were erased, and "your Aunt Hepsibah" substituted) "I am thankful to-day that her hold upon you was stronger than mine. She is the noblest woman I know, and worthy of all you can give her.

"I have made my will, and everything is settled. The cottage is yours, with money enough to make you entirely independent. Perhaps it is better for you than to have had all I urged you to take. Remember I want you to be happy in your own way, not in my way."

On the next page, written several days after in an almost illegible hand, were these words: "I had more to say to you, but it must remain unsaid. Take my last good-bye, my last blessing."

With trembling hands he turned to the first letter, which he had not yet finished reading, and compared the date of her death with that of this last sentence. It had occurred only one day later.

Then dropping his head on the floor of the piazza which the vanished feet had so often pressed, he wept scalding tears that were no shame to his manhood. It was a full hour before he examined the other papers.

The letter of the lawyer confirmed all that Mrs. Farleigh had said, giving him all necessary details and information. He was not a rich man, as his friend and benefactress counted riches, nor in the sense that she was a rich woman. Yet he was, as she had written, entirely independent. He could order his life as he would.

He went home at last to tell Hepsibah, whose gentle heart sorrowed for Mrs. Farleigh even while she rejoiced for Karl; and to whisper in Winny's ear, as any young lover would, that he was gladder for her sake than for his own.

Winnie was very silent about the matter. He could get scarcely a word from her, and it was full two weeks before he could persuade her to go with him to the cottage, the door of which had not been opened since Mrs. Farleigh's departure. But at last she yielded to his entreaties, and taking the key from the drawer where it had lain for nearly two years, they started forth, going down the green lane where the elder-bushes were laden with their purple clusters, just as they did upon that summer afternoon so long ago. If Karl insisted upon stopping when they reached the thorn-bush, or if he kissed Winnie, even as he had kissed the little face under the sunbonnet that day, I don't know that it is anybody's business.

She had not her usual bright color that afternoon, and as they walked on she grew paler and paler. By the time they reached the gate her very lips were white, and her responses came only in monosyllables. If Karl had been less intent upon his own thoughts, he would have noticed it; but he, too, was in a quiet mood—as was only fitting—and did not observe her depression.

She sank upon the lowest step, and turned her head away as he unlocked the door. It swung open noiselessly. The thorough ventilation had prevented anything like dampness, but yet the air seemed close and confined. Karl stepped in with light and almost reverent tread, and opened an outside door at the other end of the hall, and raised two or three windows. The sweet, fresh, fragrant air swept in, bearing off the oppressive odors and the sense of disuse and uninhabitedness. Then he went back to Winnie and gave her his hand.

"Come, dear," he whispered.

She rose slowly, and putting his arm around her he led her in—into the house that was to be their home.

There was the tessellated floor, with the pretty border, and the "Welcome" that Karl had spelled out the day they first saw Mrs. Farleigh. There was the staircase she had thought so grand; and through the open door of the drawing-room she caught a glimpse of the Psyche in the very same corner. There seemed to be little change—and yet!

Karl bent forward to look with tender, half-tearful, half-smiling eyes into Winnie's face, and saw that she was white and trembling, as if in an ague-chill. With a quick exclamation he carried her to one of the settees in the hall and laid her down, with his arm for a pillow.

"What is it, Winnie?" he cried. "Are you faint? What can I do for you, dear?"

A sudden burst of tears relieved her. Women will understand all about it. She had been struggling with this strange oppression for days, and dreading this very hour. She had been so afraid she should cry, and now—here she was!

It was not so dreadful, though, as she had thought it would be, and after awhile, when the long-drawn sobs and sighs had spent their force, she looked up into the sympathetic, comprehending face that was bending over her, and smiled one of her own smiles. The soft color was coming back again, and the lips had lost their tension.

"You are better now?" he said, smiling back. "Tell me all about it, my Winnie. We can never have a better time."

"Oh, I don't know, Karl!" she cried, putting back the hair that had fallen over her forehead. "I don't suppose I can make you understand. But Mrs. Farleigh—Heaven bless her for all her goodness to you!—has been to me a bugbear, an incubus, something to be feared and dreaded, ever since I was a little girl. I think I've been jealous of her ever since I was ten years old, Karl!—ever since I first saw her. And now—"

"And now," said Karl, pressing his lips to her forehead, after waiting in vain for her to finish the sentence, "now the bitterness and the pain will all be gone, and you will think of her as a friend. You will learn to love her."

"But," she whispered, hiding her face on Karl's shoulder, "I am haunted with the fear that—that she would not want me here. I feel like an intruder. She would have chosen differently for you, I know."

"Perhaps so, at one time, dear. She did not look at life as we do. But—do you recall the words of her last note to me?"

It was in his pocket-book, and he drew it out. "Remember I want you to be happy in your own way, not in my way," he read, solemnly. "I know just what those words mean, Winnie. They mean *this*."

"Why—why—did she know, Karl? Did she think you cared for me?"

"She suspected it, at the very least. When she gave me this house, I know very well that she thought who would be its mistress. So be at rest on that point, my darling."

Arm in arm they went through the house with a solemn gladness at their hearts, and at last stood in the tower, looking off down the beautiful valley, and afar to the mountains, where now and then a scarlet maple flamed against a background of green.

"To whom much is given, from him much shall be required," Karl whispered, softly, as they turned away. "You will help me to remember it, Winnie."

"We will help each other," she answered.

But going home through the shadowy lane there was still something else to be said. Winnie was not through with her confessions.

"Do you remember what I said to you that afternoon—when we first went to the cottage?" she asked. "When we were going home?"

He was evidently in doubt. She had said a good many things, if he remembered rightly.

"About my never being able to grow into a tall and beautiful lady?" she was going on. But he interrupted her.

"Oh, yes! I remember that," he said, laughing. "And how you ran on about satin slippers, and lovely blue dresses and rings, and I don't know what all! What a little spirit you were! But you shall have them, Winnie," he added, tenderly. "My beautiful princess must take possession of her inheritance, and that right speedily. There is no reason for waiting now. And as for the marvellous ring I promised you when we laid

away that poor carnelian, it must be had forthwith. Let me take the measure of your finger this very minute!"

"Nonsense!" she said. "Behave yourself, Karl! That's not at all what I was getting at."

"What is it, then?"

"Mrs. Farleigh was a revelation to me," she answered, very soberly. "Through her I saw dimly what your vision of the beautiful, graceful lady you were always talking of was—and what it meant. She opened my eyes."

"I remember something else you said," Karl rejoined, after a moment's silence, in a voice husky through strong emotion. "You said, 'I suppose I shall be nothing but a woman, Karl! My beloved, I am well content!'"

THE END.

THE TWO PICTURES.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"YOUR happiness is too dear to me, Rachel. I cannot give my consent."

The speaker was a lady past the meridian of life. Her face, which had been beautiful, was delicate and refined, and though marked by suffering and sorrow, which had once cut their lines too deep ever to be wholly effaced, wore usually the serene aspect of one who, after passing over seas of trouble, had found a peaceful haven. But now shadows had fallen over it; and she looked with a sad and yearning expression in her eyes at the fair young girl who sat beside her.

"O mother! Don't say that! I cannot bear it!" And all the light went out of the soft, sweet face. "And then we are engaged, you know."

"My child should never have done this without first consulting her mother," said Mrs. Talbot, with great seriousness.

"But I never dreamed that you would object. You always seemed to like George. He's good and honorable; and we love each other. I could not help saying yes, when he asked me."

"A young girl should not pass her word so lightly in a matter where the happiness of her whole life is involved."

"But your objection, mother, amounts to nothing, I am sure. He is in no more danger than other young men; nor in half so much as some that I could name."

"All young men who drink socially are in danger."

"All? That is saying a great deal."

"It is only saying what is true. If men did not drink, would there be any drunkards? I tell you, my child, that there is no surety against final besotment and ruin for any one who begins to use wine or brandy! I feel strongly about this matter, and with reason. My dear child the wife of a drunkard; that most hopeless and wretched thing in all the earth! The bare thought sends a shiver to my heart."

"But I don't mean to be the wife of a drunkard, mother. If I had the slightest fear that George would ever grow fond of liquor, I would break with him at once. But there is none. He has too much strength of character; too much manliness,

and too much self-respect to fall into so degrading a habit."

"Habit is formed like a spider's web," answered Mrs. Talbot. "The first light threads are too small to be felt, and scarcely visible to the eye. But day by day new threads are spun, each as light as the first, and dropping as softly and as unnoticed into its place, until cords are twisted and webs woven that too frequently hold—if the habit be an evil one—the soul in an almost hopeless bondage. Every glass of wine, or beer, or brandy that is taken is a thread in the formation of one of the most dangerous habits that ever cursed mankind. With some, a habit is not readily formed; but with far too many it gains an easy control. Now, George Ellery, if my observation of his character is not greatly at fault, is of the latter class. He is not strong and tough in his mental and moral organization; but pliant, and inclined to ease and self-indulgence. With such men habit soon becomes a master."

"I am sure you wrong him, mother," replied the girl, tears coming into her eyes. "George is not so weak and pliant as you think. For strength of will, and firmness of purpose, he is far superior to most young men."

"I wish that I could believe so, Rachel, but I cannot," said Mrs. Talbot. "George is like his father. Kind-hearted, well-meaning and honorable; but weak in moral self-control. He is not the man to whom I can give my child and feel that her happiness is secure."

"You will think differently, mother. I am sure you will." Rachel's voice was thick and husky.

"Not about George Ellery."

A servant came in at this moment and handed Rachel a card.

"It's George," she said, as the servant retired. The warm color was rising to her cheeks and brow.

"Let me see him." And Mrs. Talbot rose from her seat.

"Oh, no, mother!" The soft light died out of her face, and a look of distress marred its tender beauty.

"It is better now, my child," said Mrs. Talbot, firmly.

"But what are you going to say to him, mother?"

"Nothing that you may not hear. We will see him together." As she said this, Mrs. Talbot went to her writing-desk and took a small package from one of the drawers. It was tied with a piece of narrow ribbon that had once been black, but was now faded and lustreless.

Rachel understood her mother's character well enough to know that opposition would be useless. So she went with her passively, going down to the parlor where her lover awaited her. A shade of disappointment crossed the young man's handsome face as Mrs. Talbot came in, holding her daughter's hand; and the shade deepened to a look of concern as he read the expression of her countenance. He came forward quickly to meet them, and tried to speak with his old, easy frankness, but was not able.

After they were all seated, Mrs. Talbot said:

"Rachel has told me of your offer, Mr. Ellery, and of her too-ready consent. She ought not to have given this until she had spoke with her mother. And now, ere I can say to you all I wish to say, or take any other attitude but that of disapproval, you must release her from the engagement into which she so hastily entered, and leave her as free as she was before."

The young man turned to Rachel, and saw that her face had become very pale and almost rigid.

"What does your daughter say?" he asked. There was a perceptible tone of defiance in his voice.

"I wish you to leave her out of the question," Mrs. Talbot replied, "and to deal fairly and honorably with her mother. If, carried away by her feelings, she was led to make the engagement before she had time to consult her nearest and best friend—the friend no man who truly loves a woman would for a moment wish to have her ignore—I ask you to release her from that engagement, and to give me the opportunity to say under what conditions I will consent to your marriage with my daughter. It can make no change in her feelings; but it will make a vast difference in the future that lies before you both."

Again the young man turned to Rachel. She raised her eyes from the floor, and they looked at each other.

"It shall be as you say. Our engagement is broken. And now, Mrs. Talbot, may I have the hand of your daughter? I love her very dearly. Make your own conditions, and if they lie within the range of any reasonable possibilities, I will meet them."

"Thank you, Mr. Ellery," said Mrs. Talbot, giving her hand to the young man. "You have acted honorably, and raised yourself to a higher place in my esteem."

Then she untied the small package that was in her hands. It contained two morocco cases. On opening one of these, the pictured face of a lovely girl was seen. The eyes were large, and full of happiness and hope. It was the portrait of one whose young life had been untouched by care, or blight, or disappointment. There was a sunny smile on the softly parted lips, and joy in the lustrous orbs that seemed floating in sunshine. Mrs. Talbot held it up, and for some moments Rachel and her lover gazed upon it in silent admiration.

"Who is it, mother? I never saw this picture before."

"It is the likeness of my oldest sister—your Aunt Fanny—whom you never saw."

"Why, mother dear!" And Rachel took the picture from her hand. "And you never let me see this before! How sweet and lovely!"

"She was lovely; and as I remember her on her wedding-day, the fairest and brightest creature I have ever seen. It is nearly thirty years ago since then; but one or two incidents of the occasion made a strong impression on my mind. One in particular I will mention. There was an entertainment, and plenty of wine. The groom, whom I had always known in his visits to my sister as a young gentleman of refined and quiet manners,

became noisy and almost rude. I can recall now the surprise I felt at this; but far more vividly the strange, almost frightened expression I saw in my mother's face, as, from a corner of the supper-room, I saw her looking at my sister's young husband, who, with a glass of wine held above his head, was calling to some one at the lower end of the table.

"After my sister's marriage she removed to a far distant city; and I saw her only a few times afterwards. I was too young to correspond with her in a confidential way, and our letters were infrequent. But she wrote to our mother very often; and at first her letters were read aloud in the family. After a few months, I noticed that, on receiving a letter from my sister, our mother would go away by herself before opening it, and then only read to us portions of what Fanny wrote, instead of all the letter from beginning to end. I noticed, too, a troubled look in her face after getting a letter, which did not wear off for many days.

"It was full two years after Fanny was married before she came home on a visit. I shall never forget my surprise at the change I saw in her. She came without her husband, and brought with her the dearest little baby I had ever seen. She had gone away a happy, light-hearted creature, joyous as a bird; she returned home with a pensive shadow in her eyes, and a subdued and thoughtful air. A few times, in coming upon her suddenly as she sat alone with our mother, I saw that her lashes were wet. What it meant I did not know; and my guesses were wide of the truth. On going away, she sobbed long on our mother's breast. How different from the parting two short years before. For hours after she had gone, our mother remained alone in her own room, and when she met us again in the family, it seemed almost as if she had come from a bed of sickness. She was never our bright and cheery mother again.

"Another year, and then my father died; and Fanny came home again; this time accompanied by her husband. He was very much changed. I could scarcely find in the heavy, congested face I met any traces of the fair, clearly-cut features of the handsome young man who had won my sister's love and borne her away as a happy bride.

"After they had gone back to their distant home, my sad-hearted mother took me into her confidence, and told me the story of my sister's sorrow and disappointment. Her husband was a young man of fine natural qualities, and the talent that makes success in almost any pursuit. He was of a kind and affectionate disposition; and when he married my sister, loved her with a true and tender love. But, like most of the young men into whose society he was thrown, he indulged in a glass of wine on social occasions without a thought of danger. Unhappily, these social occasions came too often. It happened with him as it happens, alas! with so many. An appetite was formed, and with each new gratification of this appetite it became stronger, until, while yet in the earliest prime of manhood, he became its slave. He might have broken the first bonds

when he felt their hold upon him, if he had possessed the moral strength to do so; but a weak pride held him passive. To pass the wine when in company was, in his view, to advertise his friends that he believed himself in danger of becoming a drunkard. And he had too much pride for that. No; he would use it in moderation. He would keep himself within safe limits. But it was all a vain delusion. There are no safe limits for a man with a growing appetite for drink. Sooner or later, if it is indulged at all, it will break through all limitations and bear him to hopeless ruin.

"My father's death left us in poor circumstances; and our mother could no longer send money, except in very small sums, to my sister, a thing she had been doing regularly for more than a year before this sad bereavement fell upon our household; for her husband had already begun to neglect his business, and the pinch was being felt.

"All of Fanny's letters were read to me now. She did not complain much; and never spoke unkindly of her husband when she referred to him. Sometimes a little gleam of wan sunlight would strike across their pages; and she would speak hopefully. But such gleams did not come often. Just how bad it was with my poor sister, we did not really know. She never told us. For our mother's sake she could not.

"A few years more, and then our mother left us. The last sentence on her dying lips was, 'My poor Fanny!' I telegraphed the sorrowful news to my sister, but no reply came. The funeral was delayed in the hope that she might arrive in time to get a last look at the dear dead face; but she did not come—nor could I get any answers to my telegrams. I waited for a week after the funeral, and then getting no reply from letters or dispatches, started for the distant home of my sister."

Mrs. Talbot paused here, overcome by her feelings. Her voice still trembled as she resumed: "But her home was in another city; in a house not made with hands. She was with our mother on the other side!"

A deep silence followed, and George Ellery saw the tears dropping fast from Rachel's eyes.

"I have another picture to show you," said Mrs. Talbot, when she had recovered herself enough to speak steadily. "A kind neighbor, who had loved and cared for my sister in her last days of suffering and destitution, had it taken after she was dead."

She opened the other case and showed the pinched and ashen features of a woman who looked full fifty years old. There was not a trace of the former beauty; but only the peace that comes after suffering is over, and the tranquil rest into which the retiring spirit so lovingly composes the face it can never again reanimate. A part of the furniture of the room, and the bed upon which the lifeless form lay, had been taken at the same time. A broken window, patched with paper; an old wooden chair; a portion of a common low bedstead; a small pine table, and two or three other things that showed extreme poverty, were visible—enough to make apparent the destitution in which she had died.

Mrs. Talbot held the two pictures side by side, so that Rachel and her lover might see the fearful contrast.

"All this in less than eight short years from her bright wedding-day!" she said. "Her father and mother gave their cherished darling to a man who promised to be even more careful of their beloved one, and more tender toward her than they had been; and he meant to keep his promise, for I believe he loved her truly. How well he kept it let this sad picture testify."

Then turning to the young man, and speaking firmly and impressively.

"George! I cannot trust my child with one who may lead her feet down into the same valley of desolation through which my sweet sister had to walk in sorrow and tears to her early grave!"

Ellery started up, his face flushing and paling by turns, and looked at Mrs. Talbot as though he thought her reason going.

"You have entered the way along which her husband passed to ruin; the easy and pleasant way of social wine drinking. Hundreds and thousands go along this way, every year, to destruction; and no man who enters it can tell what his end will be. You may feel strong now, and secure; but the formation of habit is as silent and unperceived as the growth of a plant, and the penetration of its roots beneath the ground. Ere men are conscious of its quiet increase, it gains too often a degree of strength that defies their effebl resolution, and resists their poor efforts at eradication. This is especially true of wine drinking. No man who indulges it is entirely safe; and no young man who begins the use of wine or beer, can tell into what depths of misery the appetite he awakens may bear him down."

Ellery had risen to his feet, and was looking at Mrs. Talbot as she uttered these words of solemn warning. His face, which had been changing rapidly while she was speaking, was now calm and resolved. He took the hand of Rachel, and raising it to his lips, held it there for a moment.

"If that is the only impediment," he answered, as he drew the hand away, "it is gone. From the path leading down to the valley of desolation of which you speak, I turn my feet, now and forever."

Mrs. Talbot arose, and placing the hand of Rachel in that of her lover, said, in a voice that was flooded with emotion: "Take her, and be very tender of my child! You will never know how hard it is for me to give her away."

Then, with a sobbing "God bless you and keep you, and make His face to shine upon you, my children!" she passed from the room and left them alone, going to her chamber and laying reverently away the sad memorial of the sad past, while her heart was lifting itself in gratitude to God, and her lips running over with thankfulness.

It is not poverty so much as pretence that harasses a ruined man—the struggle between a proud mind and an empty purse—the keeping up a hollow show that must soon come to an end. Have the courage to appear poor, and you disarm poverty of its sharpest sting.

CARNATIONS.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

SHE was looking sadder than ever, poor Effie! The cold light through the ivy leaves at the window fell on her white face, and brought out the fragility of her figure more vividly than usual.

I knew she was thinking of Bertie, her only brother, the dear little fellow, who was almost blind. It was so painful to see him, going about patiently, day after day, with the beautiful sunlight fading out of his life forever. Effie felt it intensely. Her rare smile was apt to end in a quiver of the sensitive mouth, a tearful shadowing of the sweet eyes. There was no help for her brother, and her own life became also sunless.

It was all so sad. I could not resist the impulse to comfort her.

"I saw a lovely painting to-day, Effie!" The gray shadow left her face as I spoke, and she looked up almost brightly. "An Italian sunset, by Sonntag, full of soft, broken touches in pearl and gold. One of these days, Effie, when I am a great painter, too, we are going to Italy."

She shook her head gravely. "No, Philip, I must stay with Bertie. He has no one but me."

"But Bertie is going, too. I shall be rich then, and I mean to take you both."

A half-incredulous smile rewarded my brilliant proposal. But it was a smile after all; and that was something gained.

Effie Gray was an orphan, not wholly unprovided for in the matter of property, though far from being an heiress. She had lived with my mother for some years, winning a daughter's place in our household. During these years I had been away from home, and my few hurried visits had failed to bring me into any close relations with her.

Now, however, since my return to B—, we had become friends. She was younger than I, and her quaint simplicity made her seem more of a child than she really was. She looked up to me as an elder brother, and I petted her accordingly.

But very lately, since the shadow of Bertie's blindness had fallen upon her, she had grown womanly. A kind of serious dignity mingled with the little aristocratic ways she had shown from her very infancy. I had to be careful how I dealt with a nature so sensitive, so extremely delicate. Its pearliness would hardly bear a touch.

It was my ambition to become a great artist; but as yet my goal lay afar off. Sundry great canvases had borne witness to my aspirations, each heavy with a load of crude color, and the greater load of ideas and conceptions unrealized. They were the efforts of a soul to express itself worthily, conscious of temporary failure, yet sure that even this failure held the germ of success. I need not say that each of these bore my signature in large capitals, "Philip Latimer." On the whole, the world treated them quite as well as they deserved; for they did sell, and brought me in a considerable revenue. Perhaps they were better than I thought.

Attracted by the beautiful Sonntag, I haunted

the place where it was on exhibition. One fine day my study of pearl tints stopped abruptly. The painting was gone. And yet I hardly missed it; its place was filled, and more than filled. A magnificent flower-study flashed into my consciousness with the vividness of flame. A cluster of carnations, gorgeous beyond expression, had caught the very spirit of tropic sunshine. It was a miracle of color, as if a lamp burned behind the petals. By what possible manipulation had common paint grown so transparent, so luminous?

Studying the cluster more closely, I became conscious of a peculiar delicacy in its treatment, a daintiness of stem, a purity of curve outline, in no wise dependent upon color. The soul of the flower had been strangely expressed. In an angle of the crossed stems were the initials "A. G.," in a queer snarl of Gothic lettering. The proprietor of the establishment was quite at fault about the artist's name—had forgotten—Graves, he thought it was; she did not live in the city—some country town—Aylesford—no, Aylesboro, that was it.

The name startled me, for it so happened that I knew the place. My mother had passed the summer there once; and I had a standing invitation to visit the Cliffords, a fine family who lived at a short distance from the village.

My curiosity was thoroughly aroused. It ended in a hurried trip to Aylesboro. The Cliffords laughed heartily over the romantic chance which had resulted in my visit.

"Miss Graves?" said Ben, with a merry twinkle in his eyes which meant mischief. "Oh, by all means! I shall make a point of presenting you at once."

Then they all shouted. How vexatious! And how stupid in me to have told them!

"Her studio," he added, "is on Purchase Street. By the way, Phil, are you insured in the 'Traveler's'?"

Another smile.

"Because," pursued my tormentor, "this is dangerous. Our 'graves' cannot be viewed with philosophic calm, unless we are well insured. My young friend, do be serious!"

For by this time I had to join in the laugh.

"Note the gravity of his demeanor," continued Ben, pointing to me, but addressing his brothers. "I think he will suit. So, to-morrow he shall solemnly gravitate toward Purchase Street."

The impression left on my mind by all this was, that the unknown artist would prove to be a very quiet, philosophic personage.

Ben Clifford was good as his word; and the next morning found us in a well-lighted studio, awaiting the arrival of Miss Graves. But even a momentary glance at her work, as it appeared in several rough sketches hastily put up on the walls, and a couple of finished paintings more carefully hung, told me that my preconceived notions of it were all at fault. It was very peculiar; strange, cold color pervaded every subject, as if the whole had been done by snow-light. A half-shudder crossed my mind. "Philosophical." What if the woman herself should prove cold and metallic as this.

A frank, merry, musical voice disturbed my reflections. A lady had entered softly by a door behind me, and was cordially greeting my cousin.

"Mr. Latimer"—"Miss Alida Graves." I was formally presented.

A certain intense personality impressed itself upon me in an instant. Miss Alida was a splendid woman; tall, elegant, with a pair of flashing black eyes, and a decisiveness about her manners which set me at a comical disadvantage. Ben saw it and smiled. The shock was severe; to regain my wits cost me an effort. Luckily the pictures afforded a diversion.

Still it was simply impossible for me to connect the three parts of my idea; the work before me, the woman herself and the carnations.

Some subtle quality about her pictures fascinated me in my own despite. They were strong: it was useless to deny it. Presently she herself gave me the clue. She drew from a large portfolio some charcoal sketches to show my cousin the scheme of a projected figure-piece. The coarse drawings were masterly. Color she had not attained; form, projection, actuality, she had triumphantly conquered. I began to perceive why she took rank as an artist!

Again her black eyes flashed on me. From that one glance, I knew she could have drawn me to the life. I drew away instinctively; it was like sitting for a photograph, a task which I abhor! Suddenly, she addressed me in a pleasant, genial way, introducing easy art-topics, gliding from one to another so skilfully that I felt like a child led by the hand. Plainly she thought me timid.

I was not timid; only perplexed and utterly disappointed.

Before long, however, her peculiar attractiveness made itself felt. Her placid security of self-poise filled me with a keen desire to see it waver. Her positions were so calmly unanswerable, how delightful to overthrow them! I caught myself wondering whether she was ever known to shrink, or blush, or tremble. Throughout the interview she treated me like a good, little boy, whom she was disposed to pat on the shoulder; to most men, it would have been exasperating. But my feeling was not one of pique; it was rather the sensation which overtakes the mathematician at sight of a new problem. It is not in his nature to leave that problem unsolved.

Our acquaintance progressed rapidly. We discussed the whole matter of water-colors, and it was easy to mention the carnations. Did she ever paint them? "Oh, yes; often." And exhibit at Black's? "Certainly." There seemed no doubt of the fact that the brilliant work which had pleased me was actually Miss Alida's; yet I could see nothing like them in her possession.

He coloring chilled me, like a condensed shiver. The beautiful views, which we studied from Owl's Head, a queer old mountain in the neighborhood, she translated into ghostly poems robed in gray shadows. At last, she questioned me point-blank.

"What have I caught here?" she inquired, showing me a strong sketch, well-drawn, but spectral as the others.

"A strong flavor of Lapland," I answered,

curtly. "A few dogs and sledges would make life-like!"

She stared in frank amazement. Luckily, the sky was pretty well. Without a word, I threw a glazing of transparent gold over her grim foliage, dashes of vermillion and warm brown into its shadows. The result startled us both. The marvels of beauty keep their own secrets. To this day, I cannot tell how or why our combined color gave us what they did. That little canvas grew luminous, in some strange, spiritual way, as if some passing angel had swept it with his golden wing!

Miss Alida caught the revelation, like a flash. She spoke out at once, in her quick fashion.

"Many thanks, my good friend! That was a lesson worth having!"

The frank acknowledgment of a power differing from her own, her modesty and, above all, her whole-souled good-temper, were enough to charm any man. Her beautiful eyes only reflected the character within. A new thought came to me. "If I could only teach her to love me; that would be a lesson far better worth the giving."

From that day, our relations took on a pleasanter aspect. She gave up treating me like a boy; now and then, a sort of shyness crept into her decisive bearing. Possibly she read my thought.

She was much interested in my account of our blind Bertie. In her womanly kindness, she was eager to hold out a helping hand to the poor boy whom she had never seen. I attributed this to her remembrance of Effie, who had accompanied my mother on her summer trip to Aylesboro; yet it gave me a clue to the softer side of her character. We sketched together day after day, in the most informal comrade-fashion, and it was delightful. A tide of happiness bore me along on its purple waves; the richer, fuller, grander nature of my companion filling up the measure of my deficiencies. It was like sailing on tropic seas.

The very madness of intoxication seized me. Tempted by a certain sweet sadness, which, now and then, shadowed her dark eyes, I ventured to tell her my thought. Yet even as the words escaped me, I felt how hopeless it was. She answered me kindly, in a soft, quiet tone, which sounded like that of a bell very far away—ringing in some distant country.

"I am sorry that you have said this. Let me thank you and then forget it! My dear friend, I thought you knew! I am to marry a gentleman in St. Louis."

This was the end of my romance; a long silence fell upon us both. The pale sky and craggy mountain-top answered my mood of gray desolation. Starting from her side, I wandered away among the rocks, whose abrupt descent on one side the mountain became almost a precipice. Miss Alida uttered no protest; she was used to moving about in this independent way and never felt afraid of being left alone. Hours passed on, the pallid sky waned into utter grayness, a clouded twilight fell over the west, and my bitter reverie was still unbroken. Then a sharp sound struck me, like a needle—the ominous rattle which means death to

the hearer. The fissure over my head was swarming with rattlesnakes. The awful company had just become aware of my presence.

Starting aside, half-bewildered, the whole peril revealed itself. There was no escape; the hissing foe kept the only pass. Below me stretched a blank, sheer wall of rock. At the right, however, a little way down, the wall broke into narrow ledges, one of which upheld a gnarled oak. By cautious climbing, this ledge might be gained and a momentary safety secured. Reaching out carefully, clinging to every projection, I had nearly grasped the oak, when a jutting rock gave way, and I fell headlong.

The next impression which came to me was the thrill of Miss Alida's voice. I found myself lying on a sofa in a shaded room, and near me stood a tall, grave gentleman, evidently a physician. A faint blush on Miss Alida's face, and the happy light in her eyes, told me the whole. This man was her lover. He had a fine, stern profile, and a voice like organ-music. She stood talking to him very earnestly, not of herself or of me—but describing Bertie.

"Poor little fellow!" said the voice, pitifully. "Perhaps I can help him. At all events, we will see!"

My wrath against the stranger began to subside. Soon the rest of the story came. My rival had saved my life. Arriving at Aylesboro that morning very unexpectedly, on the early Western train, he had gone up to the crag in search of Miss Graves. At its base he had found me lying senseless. Slight restoratives having no effect, he had carried me in his arms to the nearest house—a feat few men could have compassed—and, in short, but for his skillful and long-continued efforts, my last hour would have already come. The situation was plain; what could I do but accept it?

Yet I was very glad when my mother came and insisted on taking me home. Never had her care seemed so sweet, so restful. Effie made a charming little nurse. Her bright face had grown a trifle older and sadder during my absence; she must have worried over Bertie. It was pleasant to look into her blue eyes, clear as the sky, after enduring the fires of Miss Alida's black ones. It seemed only natural to tell her my misadventures; but, queerly enough, she refused to listen.

"No, Philip!" and it came out decisively. "God has given you back to us! That is enough! Go to sleep now."

After some little time, however, my mother contrived to mention Miss Alida's tall doctor, and to hint about Bertie. Effie nearly fainted at the tidings, for the best physicians in our region had represented the case as hopeless. After some discussion, it was settled that he should go to Aylesboro without delay, in accordance with Miss Alida's plan; for it was now plain that whatever she determined upon must, in some way, be done. Effie was to follow him a week later.

But the Fates had no idea of waiting for us a whole week; they brought everything at once. One brilliant morning my mother and Effie drove over to the station to see the lad safely off; he was

to travel in care of a friend, and Miss Alida had promised to meet him at A—. During their absence, it occurred to me that a convalescent, doing so well, need not be rigidly pent in a sick-room. A little voyage of discovery might be a distraction. My poor head throbbed, but I made my way into the sitting-room. The first thing I knew I had stumbled over a box of water-colors on the floor, the cakes scattered about in confusion, as Bertie left them. He had taken them for playthings. The drawer of Effie's desk had also been left open in the haste of departure. I was about to replace the box in its own corner of the desk, when I started in amazement. There lay the carnations. The same vivid, spirited blossoms, alive with velvety glow; the same strong yet delicate outlines; the same Gothic mark in the corner, "E. Gray." The letter I had taken for A. was really E., and the artist, not Alida Graves, but Effie Gray.

It was all bewildering. Effie had seemed so frank, so transparent; yet she had certainly kept a secret, and kept it at my expense. Then a second thought occurred. She could not hold this artist-power unconsciously; the nature I had deemed so weak must be a strong one, its intensities well chained with self-control. Pride, too, there was; she was not disposed to reveal her golden secret to a man so dull as not to discover it for himself. Her extreme sensitiveness, far from marking any timid incapacity, was the delicate perceptiveness of a gifted nature; a warm-hearted one, moreover; Miss Alida's cold color had no place here.

Then a third link appeared in this chain of development. The beautiful drawing of this group was certainly Miss Alida's; possibly she had taught Effie awhile when the latter was in Aylesboro. If so, her cold color must have impressed her pupil; and why did Effie keep "still silence," when she knew Miss Alida—knew all the time that Miss Graves had not painted the pictures I admired, and, more than this, could not have done so? Why did she let me go, like a fool, into that stupid love affair?

The crowning idea came like a flash. She was testing me. It was just like her pride. I could feel her argument. "If he wants to go, let him. If he likes Miss Alida, she may have him." What a haughty little darling! She was not indifferent, for even afterwards she would not trust herself to hear the story. Yes, it was all plain now. She was certainly beginning to be fond of me! If I had only known it in season! I had been blinder than Bertie!

Three days after, a telegram from Miss Alida was placed in my hands. It stated that a slight operation by her friend, Dr. H—, of St. Louis, had served to remove the film from Bertie's eyes, and that, with care, his sight would soon be fully restored. Hastening home, I came upon Effie unawares. She was standing under a cherry-tree, an early outburst of silver blossoming, her slight figure drawn up to its full height, her eager face uplifted in admiration. She was studying an effect of light; the slanting sunbeams had just begun to touch the elfin whiteness into gold. For the moment her soul lived in her eyes—the soul

of the artist! She was feasting on these blossoms more actually than the humming-birds and honey-bees. Soon the whole tree took on magical tints of amber; then, catching the strong light, it flashed into absolute sunset flame—pure spangles and fire-fly glitter. Was it strange that I stood bedazzled?

She came out of her dream, at my call, to meet an equally bright reality. Even with the telegram in her hand, she failed to comprehend my story. It was hard for her to realize that the dark weight was gone from her life forever. She grew pale, and I took her in my arms, for fear she would faint.

But, in a moment, she had recovered herself, and drew away, half-haughtily. The quick motion gave me courage to detain her.

"Effie, darling! let me tell you something more. I have found the artist of the carnations, and I want her for my little wife!"

A moment of silence; then the sweet eyes gave the answer I sought.

We are all happy enough now: Miss Alida married the tall doctor and suits him exactly. We often laugh at my misadventures in Aylesboro; but Effie says, gravely: "No; it was all just right. But for your blunder, Bertie might have been a blind boy still."

THE OTHER SIDE.

BY O. FORWARD.

O H, friend, if these poor eyes
Were shut against the shining of the skies,
And the white snow lay over me to-night,
And you sat looking through this broad moonlight,
Thinking of the great mystery between
My soul and yours, would not things heard and
seen,

Keep something of the tenderness and grace
You thought to bury with a buried face?

And if the spring were on,
Full of the promise of a spring long gone,
Unclasping the white fingers of the frost,
Would any music from our brooks be lost?
Nay, rather, would you not with quickened sense,
Feel the fine pulses of a life intense?
In song of bird, in lapse of wave or air,
Know the old presence near you, everywhere?

Dear heart, it cannot be
The summer could return to you, not me!
Could I lie senseless in my narrow bed
And all the world bloom above my head?
So near the heart of Nature in my sleep,
Would not her life through my still pulses creep?
If you should touch my lilies with your hand,
And they should tremble, could you understand?

I think it must be so—
The other life lies nearer than we know;
That this sweet world, with all our eyes can see,
Are but the confines of the world to be:
From southern palms to northern lands of frost,
From woods of spring to woods of holocaust,
Our feet, unconscious of their larger lease,
Press on the borders of Eternal Peace.

COUSIN CINNAMINTA.

BY MRS. S. M. HARTOUGH.

THEY had exchanged photographs and corresponded for years—the Tyler girls and their Cousin Cinnaminta—but had never met. The Tylers lived in a small inland town; Cousin Cinnaminta lived in the city. The Tylers were comfortably poor; Cousin Cinnaminta was uncomfortably rich. At least, this was the inference the Tylers drew from their cousin's letters, which glowed with descriptions of balls, parties, operas and watering-places, interspersed with expressions of weariness of pleasure and made bulky by samples of her new dresses, which, to the unpretending Tylers, were marvels of loveliness; and, in spite of their natural good sense, caused a few pangs of envy when contrasted with their alpacas, percales and lawns.

"I don't see how it is," good Mrs. Tyler would say, "that brother Amos can afford such dresses and goings-on generally for Cinnaminta. He wasn't a rich man when I visited them ten years ago, and he never speaks in his letters of any change."

"He is too modest to do so, perhaps," one of the girls would return, and then fall to admiring the samples.

Their envy usually was of short duration, for they were sensible children of sensible parents. They made their own dresses, cloaks and hats; also their own bread, butter and cheese, and were, in general, as contented as three girls having the average amount of girls' pleasures could well be.

Mr. Tyler was postmaster at Elmville. One day, he came home with a bulky letter, and tossed it into his daughter Polly's lap, saying: "If you're 'Miss Marie Tyler,' it's for you."

"Oh, it's from Cinnaminta, I know, by the address!" said Polly.

"And by the tinted envelope!" said her sister Sally.

"And by the initial B. in the corner," snapped out Hannah, "to say nothing of the cramming of samples."

"Such a foolish way of spelling Polly's name, too," put in Mrs. Tyler. "I declare, only that your father is postmaster, we would never get Cinnaminta's letters at all, on account of the address."

While this dialogue was in progress, Polly Tyler had cut the square, tinted, initial envelope, and with every head, even Mr. Tyler's, bent over her shoulders, commenced reading it aloud, while Sally picked up the inevitable samples and fondled them in her hands in a very tender manner.

The letter began with many apologies for having neglected her dear cousins for so long—it had been about half a year since its predecessor's appearance—and many promises of better treatment in the future. Then followed descriptions of several balls which she had graced with her presence, what she wore, how she looked and so on and so forth, until Mr. Tyler, growing disgusted, winked at his wife and went out. Polly waded through more descriptions of toilets and styles until she finally came to these words:

"And now, beloved cousins, I have determined to accept your oft-repeated invitation to pay you a visit. I have cheerfully given up my contemplated sojourn at Saratoga this summer, and in the quiet shades of your rural home will try to find enjoyment in more peaceful scenes. I hope you will not fail to meet me at the train, Thursday, the twenty-eighth. In order that you may be able to identify one whom you have never seen except in photo, I will tell you what I shall wear on that day. I shall costume myself in a brown linen suit, embroidered—a piece I send as a sample—brown kids, white sailor hat trimmed in dark blue, and black parasol lined with white. I have fair hair and blue eyes, and wear my hair frizzed. I think you can readily recognize by the description your cousin,

"MINTIE BEAUDELLE."

Mrs. Tyler, happening to see the name in full, broke out into a protest.

"Did I ever! Such an outlandish way as that is for spelling Bodell! Such a good name, too! Is it because she don't know any better, or has she married some one with that queer name?"

"Neither, mother," answered Polly, laughing; "she has only put on the French a little. B-e-a-u-d-e-l-l-e sounds more high-flown than plain Bodell, I suppose she thinks."

"Well, the name as it always has been will never disgrace her," returned Mrs. Tyler, warmly. She was justly proud of her family name, and frequently boasted that there had never been a drunken Bodell, nor a vicious Bodell, nor a rich Bodell known.

Thursday, the twenty-eighth, came; likewise Cinnaminta in her brown linen, sailor hat, and everything as described. The Tyler girls in full force awaited her, and escorted her to the Tyler homestead, Polly leading the way, with the newly-arrived hanging languidly on her arm, Sally and Hannah fetching up in the rear with a travelling-bag and several bundles belonging to Cinnaminta. Plain, practical Hannah had inquired at the depot for her cousin's trunk, but had been informed by that young lady that she had left her trunk at the starting-point. The seamstress being unable to complete her wardrobe in time, her mother would forward the same in the trunk as soon as completed.

Mrs. Tyler welcomed her niece warmly. Indeed, it would have been impossible for any one not an iceberg to have treated the gushing girl in any other way. For she embraced them all, even Mr. Tyler, in the most affectionate manner, and seemed so free and easy, and was withal so pretty, that they all declared that she seemed like a sister instead of a comparative stranger.

The spare room, with its white bed, dimity curtains and crocheted toilet-mats, had been assigned to the guest. The Tyler sisters all occupied one room—a large, airy chamber containing three beds, three wash-stands, three bureaus; indeed, a triple outfit throughout.

"Such a sweet little room!" exclaimed Cinnaminta, as Sally opened the door of the guest-chamber. "Such a sweet little room! It reminds

me of those cosy little nooks at the Clarendon."

"I am glad you like it," said Sally. "I presume you will not object to sleeping alone."

"Sleeping alone!" echoed her cousin, in astonishment. "Why I wouldn't sleep alone for the world!"

"Why not?" asked Sally, innocently.

"Oh, I am mortally afraid of burglars! Have been ever since one was found in our room at Newport."

"Was there? Dear me!" gasped Sally.

"Let me tell you about it," said Cinnaminta, tragically. "You see, Mrs. Seaton and I had a room together that night. Papa had neglected to engage mine, so I had to wait until some arrangements could be made for my accommodation, and Mrs. Seaton—she's a banker's wife, and belongs to our set—very kindly offered to share hers with me. Well, we had been on the beach walking, and came back just before supper, and went up to our room to dress."

"Why you weren't undressed, I hope!" interrupted Sally, in honest amazement.

"Bless you, no!" replied Cinnaminta, laughing gushingly. "But we couldn't wear our promenade dresses to supper, you know."

"Oh, you couldn't," said Sally, wondering very much why. "Excuse me."

"Well, I went to the closet to select my dress for the occasion, and—bless your life—there in the closet stood a man! Ugh!"

Sally said "Ugh," too, by way of sympathy.

"Yes, a man! Think of it!"

"Think of it!" repeated Sally. "What ever did you do?"

"Do? Why what could we do only just run out in the hall and scream, 'A man! a man!'"

"I should have shut the door and locked him in there," said Hannah, who had come up unheard, and who now stood at Sally's shoulder.

Her voice, so unexpected, chiming in at this stage of the narrative, caused Sally to dart into the room screaming at the top of her voice: "A man! a man!"

Cinnaminta caught up the cry, and sent it echoing all through the house, bringing Mr. and Mrs. Tyler and Polly on the scene in double quick time and movement.

"I'm astonished at you, Sally!" said Mrs. Tyler, in a tone of disgust, when the story had been explained.

"Indeed, mother," answered the trembling girl, "it was all Hannah's fault. She knew Cinnaminta—"

"Call me Mintie, please," interrupted her cousin.

"She knew Mintie was telling a scary story, and she ought to have known better than to break out so."

"I supposed you knew I was there," said Hannah. "I didn't come up at all slyly."

The excited feminines were soon quieted down, but different arrangements must be made for sleeping, Cinnaminta declaring she should die of terror before morning if obliged to occupy a room alone.

"Hannah," said Mrs. Tyler, "how would it do for you to take the spare-room and give your cousin your bed?"

"Very well," answered Hannah, "it does not make any difference to me, and may suit Cinnaminta better."

"Then we will make the change," answered Mrs. Tyler. "Please to bring your cousin's things in the other room," and the good lady marched across the hall, followed by her daughters and the delighted Cinnaminta.

Cinnaminta went into ecstasies over this large, airy, comfortable room, and gushed freely over all the articles of furniture and little adornments it contained. Everything was so plain and simple, so adapted for use that it was really a relieving contrast to the elaborate furnishings—she was going to say in her father's house, but a look at Mrs. Tyler's face changed her mind, so she said—that she had seen elsewhere.

"We care very little about style here," said Mrs. Tyler, "as you will doubtless discover, if you remain with us very long." Then bidding them all good-night she left the room.

"Did I ever!" exclaimed Cinnaminta, after fumbling around in her travelling-bag and bundles for some time. "Did I ever!"

"Why what is the matter?" exclaimed Sally and Polly both in the same breath.

Cinnaminta's answer was a look of settled despair given with her hands clasped in her lap and her eyes staring blankly at the bundles before her.

"What is the matter?" asked both girls again.

"Why, that stupid maid has not put a single night-dress among my things!" was the despairing answer.

The girls being infinitely relieved, burst into a merry laugh.

"Is that all?" said Polly, at last.

"All!" echoed Cinnaminta. "Isn't that enough?"

"No, not enough to be so heart-broken about. We have something like half a dozen apiece, so I think we can supply you," answered Polly, going over to one of the bureaus. "I guess," she continued, glancing at her cousin, "that one of Sally's will fit you best."

"Oh, thanks, thanks!" said Cinnaminta; "but I am really mortified."

"You need not be, I am sure," answered Sally, assuringly; "mistakes of such kinds will occur sometimes."

"How can you keep your things in such complete order?" exclaimed Cinnaminta, looking into the drawer that Polly had opened. "You should see my closets and presses! A perfect jumble! I tell the girl to straighten things out, but she pays no attention; only jumbles them the more."

"Each one of us has a bureau and the corner closet for our dresses, and we each take care of our own corners," answered Polly, proudly.

"I envy you your freedom," said Cinnaminta, sighing. "Oh, these maids are so annoying!"

The sisters glanced at each other, but made no reply, and Cinnaminta proceeded to shake out sundry articles from her present scanty store;

among them a white tarlatan dress, and a light blue silk one; then some handsomely-trimmed handkerchiefs and dainty cuffs and collars, a few bottles of perfumery and several mysterious small round boxes, and bottles at which the Tyler girls looked in simple innocence.

"You may use either of the bureaus for your fancy things," said Polly, "and I will hang your dresses up in the dark closet."

"Be sure there is no man in the closet," said Sally, as her sister, with the gaudy dresses lifted carefully in her hand, started toward the door.

Polly laughed, and Cinnaminta said, "Oh, my!" in an expressive way.

If the Tylers were pleased with their guest the day before, they were perfectly charmed by her manners the next day, notwithstanding she appeared at breakfast arrayed in one of Sally's wrappers.

"Isn't it becoming?" she exclaimed, turning herself around in order that they might have a fair view. "One would think it just made for me! Excuse me, but it looked so fresh and pretty I could not resist trying it on as an experiment."

"Keep it on, Minta," said Sally, warmly. "Your linen is too stiff for morning wear."

"Why, I wouldn't keep it on for anything," returned the cousin. "What, wear your pretty wrappers just because a poky seamstress disappointed me? But, by your leave, I will keep it on until after breakfast," and she smiled so sweetly that if she had asked for the most precious article the Tylers possessed it would have been given freely.

Breakfast over, Cinnaminta did not once allude to the dress nor offer to remove it, but flitted about so artless and innocent, so mystified at the discoveries in dairy and kitchen that Mrs. Tyler styled her a "sweet, childish thing," and gave in to all her little teasings "to do something," even to making the cottage cheese.

"I do wish my trunk would come," sighed Cinnaminta, one morning, about a week after her arrival. "I am so tired of this linen dress, and also of seeing myself in Sally's wrappers."

"You are quite welcome to wear them, I assure you," returned Sally, cordially.

"I know it," she replied, kissing Sally on the cheek, "but one feels mortified to do so, you know. I am sorry I didn't have the maid put up at least one of my old wrappers."

"I don't see why you didn't," said blunt Hannah.

"Oh, they are so out of style now; made last summer, you know," returned Cinnaminta, quickly. "I am having such lovely ones made."

"Oh, as for style," said Polly, "you might have worn anything and we simple rustics would have been ready to fall down and worship it as coming from New York."

Cinnaminta laughed and said she had had an impression that Elmville was a more stylish place. Then she put on a pink wrapper of Sally's, remarking very graciously, as she fastened a ribbon at her throat: "Your clothes fit me beautifully, Sally. Hannah's and Polly's would be too short."

"I'm glad of it," mentally said Hannah.

"We expect some company this evening, cousin," said Polly that day, as they were all taking their mid-day siesta.

"Oh, won't that be splendid!" exclaimed Cinnaminta, clapping her hands gleefully. "Ladies or gentlemen?"

"Both."

Another gleeful clap of the hands; then she asked: "What shall you wear?"

"Why our lawns, I presume," answered Polly. "We never think much about what we shall wear just to entertain a few intimate friends."

"Oh, you don't? Why poor mamma and I almost worry ourselves into a fever thinking about our toilets when we expect company. We do not want to wear the same dress twice in succession, you know."

"I should want people to keep away if I had to worry like that over their coming," said Hannah.

"One must keep up one's position in society at all hazards," explained the fashionable cousin. "We do grow weary over so much ado, I confess; and I am enjoying this respite more than I can tell." This with the most languid expression imaginable.

"Polly, have you seen my puffed skirt?" asked Sally, as they were in their room preparing for the evening. "I have hunted high and low for it, even in mamma's closet, but can find it nowhere."

"I have not seen it," replied Polly. "Is it not in the corner closet?"

"No," answered Sally, poutingly. "I wanted to wear it under my plain lawn this evening, but I can't find it. Where's Minta?"

"She is in Hannah's room, I think," replied Polly.

"Maybe she has had it, and put it somewhere."

"It isn't likely," said Polly, amazed.

"Well, it's gone for this time, and I must wear my plain tucked one."

"Which looks very well under your lawn," said Polly, approvingly. "Make haste, Sally, or our company will be here before we are ready to receive them."

They were just ready to descend to the parlor when Cinnaminta entered. She threw up her hands in amazement.

"Dressed so soon!" she exclaimed. "Why mamma and I never think of going into the parlor before nine o'clock!"

"Our guests are almost ready to go away by that time," replied Polly. "Country people keep good hours."

"I am sorry I did not understand," said Minta. "But don't let me detain you. I will come down as soon as I am ready."

One of the girls would have remained, but Cinnaminta positively refused to listen to such a thing; so they descended to the parlor, where in a few moments they met their expected guests.

It was nearly an hour afterwards when Cinnaminta entered the room, radiantly beautiful, in white tulle, kid slippers and gloves. Through the meshes of the dress conspicuously appeared Sally's missing skirt.

A glance of intelligence passed from one sister to the other. A mixed expression of surprise, mirth and indignation, that was quickly suppressed as the cousin was duly made acquainted with the other guests, who were quite charmed by her artless manners and sweetness of disposition.

There was a giggle of genuine mirth in the milk-cellar the next morning as the girls surrounded Mrs. Tyler and told her the story of the missing skirt. The tale was told in the cellar, as that was the only place where the innocent cousin was not likely to intrude. Having been told that a snake had once been captured and dispatched there, she had never dared venture into the "horrid place" again.

After this it was no uncommon thing to miss skirts, stockings, and, in short, any article of underwear, for Cousin Cinnaminta's trunk did not come, and as she had brought no supply of such things, she was obliged to make promiscuous use of those she saw; doing so, however, with such a simple frankness, that the girls found it impossible to be angry, although some of their most cherished things were often found adorning Cinnaminta's person when they very much wished to appropriate them to their own needs.

"You may wear any of my laces," she would say; "I have such a quantity; and I can't wear them all at once, you know."

Not only was their wearing apparel appropriated, but the girls' beaux were likewise brought into requisition. No more quiet little *tête-à-têtes* in corners and shrubbery. The cousin seemed omnipresent. If she did not supercede them in entertaining their callers, at least she was sure to come in upon them, with, "Oh, I beg pardon!" accompanied by a little courtesy that was quite irresistible. Polly, being engaged, was specially annoyed by these little dodges, and many a plot was made up between her and her intended to circumvent the omnipresent cousin. But all in vain. Did they, when she entered their presence, say, "Excuse us, cousin, we were just about to take a walk," Cinnaminta would clap her white hands and say, oh, so sweetly: "Mayn't I go, too? The evening is so fair!" What was there to do but for Mr. Fitznoodle to offer her his arm, which Cinnaminta always accepted, and said so many gushing things about the evenings at Saratoga, the balls, the beaux and the belles, that neither Mr. Fitznoodle nor Polly had a chance of getting in a word.

Still the trunk did not come, and still Cinnaminta stayed with the Tylers.

"Your trunk must have been lost, my dear," said Mrs. Tyler one day. Poor woman! her patience was quite exhausted by the repeated demands upon the girls' wardrobe. "If you will get some muslin, the girls and I will make up a few things for you."

"Oh, not for the world, dear, good auntie!" exclaimed Cinnaminta. "Why, that would be an unheard-of thing. Mamma would never, never forgive me if I gave you so much trouble. You are very good, but indeed you must not do anything of the kind. If my trunk does not come

soon, I shall write to mamma to send me some things ready-made from Stewart's."

Mrs. Tyler was effectually silenced. After a few more weeks, Cinnaminta settled down into the conviction that the beloved trunk was indeed lost, and then, such wailings over its supposed contents! Such lovely cambrics, such elegant mixed silks, such superb grenadines; to say nothing of the love of a hat, and parasols and gloves to match each costume! It really was too bad. And then she had been limited to a tarletan, a linen and one silk dress the entire season! The only consolation she could gather was that it had not occurred at Saratoga. What *would* she have done had she been at Saratoga minus a trunk? What, indeed!

But the bright, gay summer came to an end at last, as all summers must, and with its end came also the termination of Cinnaminta's visit. The crickets began to chirp and the katydids to sing in the leaves of the vines, and Cinnaminta tearfully declared it was too mournful for anything, and she must get back to make plans for the winter's campaign.

"Shall we not see you again next summer, Miss Bodell?" asked Polly's swain, dolefully.

"Beaudelle, if you please," corrected Cinnaminta; then she replied: "Alas, Mr. Fitznoodle, fashion demands that I bow to *her* shrine next summer. My little world of acquaintances have murmured and repined at my voluntary withdrawal from them at this time. It would be unjust to absent myself again. I have selected Niagara for my next summer's jaunting. The most of our set expect to be there. I should be exceedingly happy to meet you there, Mr. Fitznoodle." This with downcast eyes and blushing cheeks.

"Thanks, perhaps you may," answered that gentleman, glancing archly at Polly.

"I should also like it if my cousins could meet me there; but they are such home-bodies that I cannot expect that pleasure."

"We never could get ready, I am sure," answered Sally.

"It would be quite impossible," said Polly.

"And why 'impossible?'" put in Hannah. "We might go with our present wardrobes. I presume we could *see* the wonderful Niagara quite as well in calico wrappers as in silk or cambric."

Cinnaminta said "my," in a very depreciating tone. The idea was not to be entertained for a second.

A few more good-natured words among them, then the cousins, escorted by Mr. Fitznoodle, took up their line of march to the little depot, where already stood the long line of coaches waiting for the signal to set them in motion.

Cinnaminta, bidding each one of her cousins an affectionate adieu and returning Mr. Fitznoodle's hearty handshake with the gentlest pressure, was soon after on her way to more congenial scenes.

They heard from her but once during the winter. Then came a letter gushing with kind remembrances, and heavy with elaborate descriptions of parties, toilets and beaux. The city cousin was feasting on pleasure.

"Somehow, it don't make me feel dissatisfied as it used to," said Polly, as she folded up the letter after reading it aloud, "to read cousin's letters. I believe I used to be a little envious."

"So did I," exclaimed Sally, "but I think now that I wouldn't change places with her if I could."

"Why not?" asked Mrs. Tyler, a sly twinkle sparkling beneath the bright glasses.

"Because—because she's so very shallow. I guess that's the word," laughingly answered Sally.

"Because she's a fraud," blurted out Hannah. "I had my suspicions about that trunk the very day she came. Do you think she would have rested so easy if her trunk with so much finery in it was really lost? Humph!"

"Easy!" repeated Polly. "Bless me! wasn't she forever talking about it?"

"Yes; talking but not fretting much," said Hannah.

"Oh, I dare say she was honest about the trunk," observed Sally; "you know Cinnaminta isn't one of the fretting kind."

"I should say she wasn't," answered Hannah, significantly.

Winter merged into spring, and spring into summer; and one bright July day, when the sunshine sparkled through the deep green foliage, and the valleys lay in the shimmer of mid-summer, Miss Polly Tyler became Mrs. Fitznoodle, and the happy pair started on a short bridal tour to Niagara.

"Look twice at everything for me," exclaimed Sally, as they entered the carriage.

"Be sure you have your trunks," flung out Hannah. "For what *would* you do at Niagara without a trunk?"

The bride laughed; rather an undignified thing for a bride to do, perhaps; but, then, Polly wasn't strictly orthodox.

Mrs. Fitznoodle carried her plain country habits with her on the bridal tour, consequently, saw the mighty Niagara foaming and dashing in the pale morning light ere the sun had peeped from behind the crimson curtains of morning. Saw it, too, as it sparkled and glistened like a cataract of diamonds in the first glow of sunlight.

Very few were as yet out of their rooms as Mr. Fitznoodle and his bride walked back to the Clifton House. The piazza looked deserted, only one person there; but Polly saw something familiar in the slender form leaning pensively over the rail.

She was about to mention this fact to her husband, when the figure turned its face toward them.

"Cinnaminta!" exclaimed Polly, running toward her.

"Polly Tyler, as sure as I live," gasped Cinnaminta, striking an attitude that would have done credit to an actor.

"But it is not Polly Tyler at all," said Mrs. Fitznoodle, as the two rushed into each other's arms. "Don't you see Tom is with me?"

Cinnaminta saw and understood at once. Then followed congratulations, and more embracing, and questions, and answers, and wonderings, and

delightful little exclamations of delight and surprise in Cinnaminta's own gushing style, until they were startled by the early gong, and a few minutes later a voice, fretful and impatient, called out: "Minta! Minta!"

Minta colored deeply as she answered back pleasantly: "Yes, ma'am."

"I must tear myself away," she said hurriedly, addressing her companions. "That is dear Mrs. Seaton calling me. She has missed me from her room, and she is exceedingly nervous about being left alone. I shall be with you soon again. *Au revoir*," and kissing her hand back to them, she skipped out of sight.

Polly looked at her husband in blank surprise. He returned her gaze with a queer smile.

"You seem very much astonished," he said.

"And so I am," returned his wife. "To think of being called away in that manner! Why the woman spoke as if Minta was her servant!"

"Perhaps she is," quietly responded Mr. Fitznoodle.

"My dear! how can you suggest such a thing?" said Polly.

"Easy enough. But we will not waste words in mere speculation, but quietly wait and make our own discoveries," he answered, drawing her arm within his own and leading her to a seat.

They were a little surprised at not seeing the cousin at breakfast, but concluded she had breakfast in her room. After waiting about as long as they could without again seeing Cinnaminta, they took a carriage for a drive.

Dinner-time also failed to give them a sight of Minta. Polly lamented that she had not asked her the number of her room. Perhaps she was ill. Something surely was the matter, or she would not so absent herself.

While Polly was thus wondering and surmising, she was attracted by the remark of a lady near her.

"There's Mrs. Seaton going out for a drive. Isn't it astonishing the airs she puts on? Cannot even carry her fan and parasol herself; must have her maid do so."

Polly naturally enough looked in the direction indicated, and saw a large, stout, fashionably-dressed lady languidly leaning back in a carriage, and her cousin just in the act of passing fan and parasol to milady!

To use her own words, she never wanted to scream so bad in her life. As it was, she gave a gasp that attracted some attention, and acting upon the impulse of the moment, she ran out of the parlor and intercepted Cinnaminta on her way through the hall.

"What does it all mean, Minta?" she asked. "Why do you avoid us, and why does that woman treat you so?"

"Why that is Mrs. Seaton, my dearest friend," explained Cinnaminta, composedly. "She is something of an invalid, and eccentric withal, and I delight to humor her little fancies. Will you attend the ball to-night?"

"Will you?" replied Polly, looking her keenly in the face.

"Of course—that is, I expect to."

"Providing Mrs. Seaton needs some one to fan her; when, of course, her maid's services will be required," answered Polly, scornfully.

Cinnaminta answered with a look equally scornful; and thus they parted, Polly to seek her husband, and Cinnaminta to retire to her room to upbraid herself for ever having been so foolish as to go to Elmville.

"But what was I to do?" she asked herself. "Mrs. Seaton didn't need me, and papa couldn't afford to keep me at home. To Elmville I must go or do worse. Who would ever have dreamed of any of that set coming to Niagara!"

As for Polly, as soon as the astonishment was over she and her husband joined in a hearty laugh over the whole affair. And when she returned to Elmville the old house fairly shook with laughter as Polly exposed her cousin's trick.

"I told you so!" said Hannah, triumphantly.

And to this day, the gushing, artless cousin and her missing trunk furnish many an hour of merriment.

A FAMOUS ARMORER.—Andrea de Ferrara was the most famous armorer of modern times. He first came into note in the Highlands of Scotland. It is said he was the only person who could forge armor that would resist the Sheffield arrow-heads, or make swords that would vie with the best weapons of Toledo and Milan. He is supposed to have learned his art in the Italian city whence he was called, and, under the patronage of the king of Scotland, to have practised it in secrecy among the Highland hills, as all his genuine blades were marked with a crown. Before his time no man in Great Britain could temper a sword in such a way that the point should touch the hilt and spring back uninjured. He is said to have worked in a dark cellar, the better to enable him to perceive the effect of the heat upon the metal, and to watch the nicety of the tempering, as well as possibly to serve as a screen to his secret method of working. Many of his blades, with new basket hilts, are to be found in the Scottish regiments of the present day.

LOVE AND LABOR.—Love lives to labor; it lives to give itself away. There is no such thing as indolent love. Look within your heart and see if this is not true. If you love any one truly and deeply, the cry of your heart is to spend and be spent in the loved one's service. Love would die if it could not benefit. Its keenest suffering is met when it finds itself unable to assist. What man could see the woman he loves lack anything, and be unable to give it to her, and not suffer? Why, love makes one a slave! It toils night and day, refusing all wages and all reward save the smile of the one unto whom it is bound, in whose service it finds its delight, at whose feet it alone discovers its heaven. There is no danger that language can be too strong or too fervent used to portray the services of love. By cradle and couch, by sick-bed and coffin, in hut and palace, the ministries of love are being wrought. The eyes of all behold them; the hearts of all are moved at the spectacle.

Life and Character.

WOMEN'S WORK IN THE WORLD.

WOMEN'S NEED OF CULTURE.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

THOSE women who lack culture, probably do not realize how important a thing that is of which they stand in need. They see the world through the narrow vista of their own uncultivated faculties, and have no perception of the breadths and depths which escape their view. An uncultivated woman, when she tries to make her own way in the world, finds herself both blind and crippled. She is at a disadvantage in every way. She may realize these disadvantages, or she may not; or, realizing them, she may not trace them back to their true cause; but they are there, and she suffers from them.

A woman may be as good as gold, honest, earnest and capable; she may even possess the ability to do, in one or many directions; but if she have not culture, the fine gold of her character is dimmed, and her achievements are often weak and valueless. I do not know the dictionary definition of the word culture; but I should define it as meaning that training and development of the mind and heart, which brings the individual into the truest and most perfect relations with all her surroundings, and at the same time most perfectly fits her to change and modify those surroundings without jar or disturbance. We can only enter into true relations with any surroundings whatsoever, by making those relations a matter of study, and by seeking to thoroughly understand them. The cultured woman does not blunder; she does not tread metaphorically on other people's toes; she does not make mistakes about herself; because she has knowledge which enables her to form an accurate estimate of individuals and of circumstances. Culture is a great modifier of egotism. As we learn to estimate more fully the importance of others, our own importance dwindles somewhat. The cultured woman is the true lady.

The culture of women needs to be more broad than it has heretofore been. Our girls have been cultivated in certain soft, feminine ways, which added to their charms and graces, but which were for the most part useless. There has been a little digging of the surface soil, and a weak growth in consequence. But if we would have noble and grand traits to strike deep root in their characters, and bring forth valuable fruit, there must be a thorough cultivation—a reaching of the sub-soil, as a farmer would say, and a turning of it up. We must not send our boys to college, and our girls into the kitchens. We must not place our boys in work-shops, and impress them with the dignity of labor, and at the same time give our girls the crochet hook and the embroidery needle. We must not impress our boys with the idea that we expect them to read books of solid sense, while we permit our girls to practice music in a slovenly

way, and read the silliest of novels. We want a culture for them both which shall develop the best capacities of the individual. And girls would never have had capacities given them, if they were not sometimes required to give an account of them.

A broad, catholic culture is of use to every woman: it is of inestimable advantage to the one who has, from any cause, to make her own way in the world. A stranger lost in a strange land naturally desires to find some elevated spot, from whence he can see the surrounding country, and take his bearings, and judge in what direction he ought to proceed. Culture gives to a woman exactly this elevated position, from which to view the world. It does more than this; it makes the world familiar to her, so that she stands in no danger of losing her way. Given two women, the one ignorant and uncultivated, and the other possessing broad and true culture, yet both equally unskilled in manual employments. Let them both be thrown alike upon the world. The ignorant woman is dismayed at the outset, and stumbles at every step. The educated, cultured woman stands calm and collected, since she realizes where she is, and what is required of her. She is enabled to take stock of her own physical and mental resources. She places a proper estimate upon her fellow-men and women, and knows how to meet them. She will succeed, as surely as the other will fail. It is a significant fact, that, among the lost women of the land—those who have gone down helplessly and hopelessly into infamy—very few, very few, indeed, possessing real culture and refinement are to be found. Those who seem to be cultured and refined, are only so in seeming, contrasted as they are with the vast majority who are so utterly and unquestionably rude and uncultured. Even the better class of fallen women will be found to consist of those who have known no object or ambition in life beyond display, whose highest thoughts have been concerning dress, whose accomplishments are merely showy and superficial, whose reading is of the lightest, and to whom the questions and phraseology of science are the most incomprehensible jargon.

Much of the training leading to culture, parents must bestow upon their daughters. Still there are many ways in which women, awakened to a sense of their ignorance and their deficiencies, may educate themselves. It is not every woman who has time to undertake a thorough training of herself; but all can give thought to it in an incidental way.

The books and papers we read are among our greatest educators. We all of us read, more or less; or, if we do not, we are most deplorably deficient in intellectual development. We all of us read many foolish books, when we might just as well be reading wise ones. If we read foolish books only, we are wickedly wasting valuable time. Our characters and opinions are more or less modified by the books we read. We have,

each of us, a mistaken idea concerning the integrity and invulnerability of our own moral characters. Hence we often say: "I would not give this book into the hands of the young, or of people generally, but it will do me no harm to read it." If we possess interest enough in the book to read it at all, it cannot fail to obtain a certain unrealized influence over us, if it is only to the extent of lowering our taste, and making better books unacceptable to us. If a book will injure others, it will injure us also. There can be no doubt about that. We are really no stronger and no better than other people. A weak, foolish, sensual novel leaves its mark upon our intellect and our morals just as it will upon those of another. It does a two-fold injury. There is the positive evil of its influence, and the negative evil of occupying the time which might have been devoted to the reading of some better book.

True, in these days, a woman of thorough cultivation needs an acquaintance with literature. But it is not necessary to make our acquaintance with bad literature a close or intimate one. An author found to be intrinsically bad, may always be avoided; one intrinsically good should always be sought. During many years of contact and close acquaintanceship with books, the writer of this article has always found it possible to judge of the quality of a book, before she needed to go to the length of compromising her character in her own estimation, by entering into intimate relations with a bad one.

This need of a knowledge of literature is one which should not be overlooked by women. They cannot expect to be able to read every book which makes its appearance; but in these days of book reviews, circulating and other libraries, it is possible to know at least the names of most of these books, and to select the best from among them for reading. These best ones are not always novels. Indeed they are rarely novels. There are but two or three living novelists whose productions deserve to be read unhesitatingly and indiscriminately. From the rest, one must glean and select the best. No doubt there are many of excellent character, but it is the time that must be considered. There are books of practical bearing upon life which all should read. We should never feel that our knowledge upon any given subject is complete, and can be relied upon for our lifetime. We should always be on the alert to add to this knowledge, or to modify it, by consulting the greater wisdom around us. Neither should we label any opinion or belief, and put it away on the shelf, with the self-understanding that it is not to be tampered with henceforth and forever. The watchword of this age is "Progress," and if we stand stubbornly still, we shall soon find ourselves far behind the world in all things. Nobody stands to-day where our predecessors stood fifty years ago, in either theology, science, politics or opinions regarding social matters. Therefore, since we must change, if we would keep pace with the ever-forward march of the world, let us progress with open eyes, with knowledge and reason. Let us not be drawn along unwittingly by the popular current. Let us

examine all things for ourselves, and accept or reject a proposition with a full knowledge and comprehension of what we are doing. Theology calls our attention; science demands our investigation; everywhere the earnest thought of cultured men and women is required, and earnest thought generates culture. There are many abstract questions in both science and theology, which seem to have no bearing upon practical life. Nevertheless their consideration has its effect, since it broadens our views, strengthens our powers of reason, and raises us above the petty affairs which interest the mass of humanity. The woman who is absorbed in an investigation of the theory of evolution, or who is bent on solving some knotty problem in theology, by the aid of the fathers and historians of the Church, is not at all liable to fall through vanity, idleness and empty-headedness. The practical woman who studies social and political economy, will be better prepared to enter into the battle of life than one who knows nothing about these things.

Show me the books a woman reads, and I will tell you what that woman is, not only in every phase of her character, but in her capabilities and possibilities. They are the exponents of the woman herself, and she will never rise above them.

"Oh, I read everything!" I once heard a woman say, at the same time that she held a copy of a sensational paper in her hand. "I read everything I can lay my hands on." "Everything" with her meant every sensational story she could get; and I knew at once she was a woman whose little energies and intellectual powers were divided and weakened, until she was incapable of an earnest thought or a genuine emotion. Such women are like salt which has lost its savor. Whatever may have been their capabilities at first, there is now nothing left worth redeeming.

Mere reading and study will not of themselves bring culture. The mechanic may put coat after coat of varnish upon a piece of wood, but if the wood be not already polished, it will never become smooth. Culture must be subjective as well as objective. The individual must polish her own character by careful self-training—by thought, and exercise of the reason and the best emotions of the heart. Then the varnish of extraneous acquirements may be applied to some purpose.

FAMILY TIES.—In the passing of human life there frequently comes a time when the mutual duties of child and parent are reversed. Advancing years bring a childhood to the one and the care of childhood to the other. To the aged father and mother the days of labor are over, the work of life has been done. Now attentive tenderness becomes the duty of those who once received it all themselves, while those are dependent upon it who once gave it all. Now the parent is the child and the child is the parent. The watchfulness and care of many years ago are to be repeated over again; only that the giver then is the receiver now. To a true-hearted child here is a return of love which it is good to make. There is a deep satisfaction in being able to repay by words and looks the lavished love of the bygone time.

Day Sermon.

HOW IT WAS WITH JACOB LONG.

IT was a lovely morning. The sky was clear and translucent—blue, and sparkling with points of light that shot down into your eyes like arrows. A few warm days had carpeted the earth with greenness, and starred it with crocuses and dandelions. The breath of spring was sweet with delicious odors.

At the window of his poor little cottage sat Jacob Long; and the sunshine, and soft airs, and smell of bursting buds and opening flowers came in and sought to give him their blessing. But his heart closed itself to their gentle influences. The sunshine lay warm and caressingly on his great brown hand; the perfumed airs kissed his cheeks, lingered about his nostrils and played with his hair; but he heeded them not. They were as nothing to him.

Children's voices were in the room—pleasant, cheerful, happy voices; but he scarcely heard them. And mingling with their voices was that of the patient, long-suffering, true-hearted woman who had for ten years walked uncomplainingly by his side, along the paths that were often very rough and steep; but their soothing influence did not reach his soul.

Jacob Long felt a hand on his shoulder. He did not turn nor look up; for he knew by its touch the hand that was laid upon him.

"You will go to church with us this beautiful morning, Jacob?"

The man shook his head; that was all. He did not smile, nor answer verbally, nor look up—he only shook his head.

His wife did not urge him. For a little while she stood with her hand on his shoulder—stood in silence, but sending him a message of loving concern in the tender pressure of her hand.

Half an hour afterward, Jacob saw his wife, very neatly but very poorly attired in her best Sunday clothes, with his three little children in clean garments, go out through the gate, and join the church-goers on the street. The bells pealed their deep, rich tones, the sun smiled down from the azure sky, the air was sweet with spring breaths. Every one that passed had a look of satisfaction, as if life on such a day were pure enjoyment. Only Jacob seemed out of tune with nature.

Jacob Long was a poor mechanic—poor in two senses. He was not a highly skilled workman, and his earnings being small on that account, he had always, since his marriage, felt the pressure of need; had always heard the growl of the wolf just outside of his door.

On this particular morning, Jacob was feeling worse than usual. The habit of brooding over his poverty, of looking with doubt and dread into the future, had become chronic. He had no rest nor peace in fear of coming evil.

"What if I should be thrown out of work?" he was in the habit of saying to himself almost every

day, letting the sentence fall like a wet blanket on his spirits, and chilling back into painful quietude the feelings that were coming forth into the light and warmth of his pleasant fireside, where the music of children's voices and the pleasant face and gentle tones of his patient wife were always heard.

If he should be thrown out of work, the case would be bad enough, there was no doubt of that. But, not a single week in all the past ten years had he lost, except from sickness. He was a steady, reliable man, though not a first-class workman; and on this account he had been kept in the shops where he worked when others were discharged in dull times.

As we have said, on this particular Sunday morning, Jacob was feeling worse than usual. Work was dull, and all the hands were to be put on two-thirds time. This would reduce the weekly income of Jacob from fifteen to ten dollars.

Jacob was not what is called a religious man. He went to church with his wife now and then; but generally stayed at home on Sunday, reading, or sitting in listless absence of thought, when not worrying himself about the future. Generally he was more tired when Sunday evening came—mentally as well as physically—than after a day's hard work; and he always felt a peculiar satisfaction in going to the shop on Monday morning, when he took up his tools and his labor with a new sense of pleasure.

And so it was that Sunday never really came to Jacob Long as a day of rest. He was not, as we have said, what is called a religious man. But he had a respect for sacred things; and when he heard, for the first time, the low, reverent voice of his wife, uttering the words of the very prayer he had said kneeling at his mother's knee, and heard his first-born repeating the words after her, tears filled his eyes, and floods of new and tender emotions swept over his heart. It pleased him that his wife was religious, if he was not; and it pleased him that his children went to church and to Sunday-school. But as for himself, he was in a region of doubt and darkness. He sat with his face turned away from the light. The shadow of a great concern, the pressure of an oppressive care, were ever upon him. And so he got nothing of life's sweetness, that is given for all if they will only accept the blessing.

Jacob Long sat by the window, as we have seen, until the groups of church-going people had all passed, and the street became still and lonely. On a table near him lay two or three small cards—Sunday-school reward cards, brought home by the children. Turning wearily from the window, his eyes rested upon them. In a listless kind of way he took up one of these cards, and read: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

For a little while he held the card, then dropped it and shut his eyes. How still and absorbed he was!

"All ye that labor and are heavy laden." Over and over the sentence repeated itself in his thoughts.

"Come unto me," Jacob Long started, and unclosed his eyes. A voice, tender and sweet, had fallen on his ears. But he saw no one. That voice had come to his inner, and not to his outer ear. He looked around the room and out of the window. His heart stirred with a strange flutter; a new sensation pervaded his whole being.

"Come unto me, and I will give you rest." How clear the voice!—how tender!—how full of divine entreaty!

A great calm fell on his spirit—a reverent awe crept into his heart. It was the voice of God—of God, who, two thousand years before, had bowed the heavens and come down to seek and to save that which was lost. He had read the sweet sentence many times in his life, but always as something spoken away off in the past, and for the people of other times. But here, and now, and just to him—poor, humble, care-oppressed Jacob Long—it came as a new and special utterance.

"Come unto me, and I will give you rest." Over and over the loving entreaty came. His soul was melted into tenderness. A calmness, like peace, such as he never remembered to have felt, settled upon him.

After a little while he took up another card, and read: "If God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith!"

Never had this text seemed so full of a present truth, or of such special application.

And now an angel began turning the leaves in his book of memory—leaves that had been shut for many years; even from childhood, when his mother read to him often from the Book of God; and into his mind came many passages like these:

"Take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, what shall we drink? or, wherewithal shall we be clothed? For your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things."

"Ye are of more value than many sparrows."

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want."

"The Lord is good to all, and His tender mercies are over all His works."

It was wonderful, the many passages of Scripture that had been written in early years in his book of memory, and which now, as an angel turned the leaves, became visible to the eyes of his mind, and gave him hope, and strength, and comfort!

A new revelation came to him. It was this: That God really cared for him; for poor Jacob Long, who was nothing in the eyes of the world. What a sweet peace flowed into his troubled heart, flooding it with tenderness! How or why it all was, he did not know, for he had never understood the meaning of that Scripture which says, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was God;" and did not know that when a portion of this divine Word was in his thought, God was nearer to his conscious life, and so could help and comfort him.

He felt the blessing of the divine presence, though he understood not how it was.

When Mrs. Long came home from church with the children, Jacob was sitting by the window, as she had left him. She saw a change the moment her eyes rested on his face. It had not been so calm and peaceful in its expression for a long time; and this made her bold to say: "I wish you had been at church this morning, Jacob. Mr. Harlow preached such a comforting sermon. I am sure it would have done you good."

"What did he say?" asked Jacob, with an interest in his manner that surprised his wife and gave to her pulse a quicker motion.

"He said," she replied, "that when we read the Bible we must not think of its sweet and comforting promises as made to people thousands of years ago, nor as made to people generally—but as spoken now, and to each one of us in particular, just as particular as if you or I were the only beings alive in the earth. 'I never thought of it just in that way before. It made God's love and care such a real thing, Jacob. The text was, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' O Jacob, I do wish you could have heard it! I know it would have helped you and comforted you so much."

"Maybe it would," he answered, in a thoughtful way.

"Oh, I am sure it would!" his wife said, with a flash of delight in her countenance.

Jacob looked up at the moment, and saw the radiant expression that made her plain face look beautiful in his eyes.

"And I will give you rest." Even so. The promise is sure, and for all. In just the degree that we turn to the Lord, if it is only in a reverent thought of some passage from His Word, will He give us rest from worldly anxiety; for the thought brings Him nearer, and in His presence is peace.

"And I will give you rest." Even so. Jacob had already entered, in some small degree, into the promised rest. How long he would abide therein was with himself alone. He could turn away from the light—would do so, no doubt—and sit again in darkness. But the memory of this hour, with its rest and its peace, would remain with him; and he would know by experience from whence cometh our help.

The week he had looked to with anxious fear went by. The dreaded reduction of time was made, and on Saturday evening Jacob Long received but ten dollars, instead of fifteen. He tried to keep down the troubled feelings that were rising in his heart as he walked home, and tried in a way he had never tried before. How? He did now from purpose what he had done spontaneously, as it were, on the previous Sunday morning; he called up from his memory God's promises to weak, doubting ones, who are in fear lest they be not fed or clothed—and it is wonderful how much they helped him.

"There it is, Molly," he said, as he put his week's wages in her hand. "Only ten dollars." And his voice shook a little.

"Five loaves and two fishes once fed a large multitude," she answered, with sweet confidence in her manner; "and He who fed them is our Saviour and Friend. It will be enough, Jacob."

Let us not be faithless, but believing. All day long this verse of a hymn that was sung in church last Sunday has been running through my mind:

"Who fed thee last, will feed thee still;
Be calm, and sink into His will."

"You get a great deal of comfort in church," said Jacob, a new thought coming into his mind.

"Indeed, you may well say that. I always hear something that helps and comforts me through the next week. I'm a better wife to you than I ever could have been, Jacob, if I had not gone to church."

"It's a poor rule that don't work both ways," answered the husband. He looked tenderly into Molly's face. "You have been a good wife," he added, with signs of feeling—"a better wife than I have been a husband."

"Oh, no, no! Don't say that, Jacob," quickly replied Mrs. Long. "No woman that I know has a better husband than mine."

"There is large room for improvement, Molly," Jacob Long said, quietly. "I ought to bring home more sunshine than I have been in the habit of doing. I wonder," and a faint smile flitted about his lips, "if going to church would help me any?"

Molly started; her eyes grew brighter and her cheeks warmer. She looked steadily into Jacob's face, and answered: "The Lord God is a sun and shield. If we try to get near Him, we shall get into the sunshine."

On the next morning Jacob went to church with his wife and children. He had been awake several times through the night, worrying himself because his wages had been reduced. But when day broke, and the cheerful sunlight poured into his room, the shadows fell away.

"The Lord God is a sun and shield." It came into his thoughts as the day dawned, and kept repeating itself for a long time. And the divine sentence was to him a sun and shield, for it dispersed the darkness of doubt, and shielded him from the arrows of spiritual enemies who shot at his soul.

It seemed to Jacob Long that the minister was preaching just for him. His text was, "Let not your heart be troubled."

Poor heart! How full of trouble, and doubt, and fear it had been; and for so many years! There had been none to care for the humble, hard-toiling mechanic, so Jacob had thought. Selfishness, greed of gain, dishonesty and wrong were all about him. In man there was no pity and no help. But now, like a new revelation, it was shown him how God cares lovingly and always for the poorest and humblest of His children. How their ways are in His hands, and how, no matter what their condition, He, the Great Provider, never leaves nor forsakes them.

Somehow—Jacob did not quite understand—his ten dollars seemed to go about as far as fifteen had gone. There were some changes in the table, but no one complained of a deficiency in anything. The evil he had dreaded was yet far away from his dwelling. The wolf he had heard growling for so many years still kept back from his door.

"I hardly know what it all means," he said to

Molly on the next Saturday evening, when he brought her his wages. "Things still come out right."

"Haven't they always come out right?" Molly asked.

"Why, yes; we've had plenty to eat and to wear—enough for health and comfort, at least."

"And yet your heart has always been so troubled, Jacob—you have taken no comfort in anything."

"Maybe," he answered, "I shall get more comfort out of things in future."

"O Jacob, how light it makes my heart to hear you speak so!"

As she said this, her husband took up, mechanically, one of the children's reward cards that lay on the table at which he was sitting. "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not therefore want." He read the illuminated text aloud.

"Your Shepherd; my Shepherd," spoke out his wife, cheerily.

What peace and comfort came into the heart of Jacob Long! How rested he felt; like one reposing after hard labor. And this, too, after his wages had been reduced one-third.

We have no startling incidents to relate, nor fine passages to give in the future life-history of Jacob Long. No marked outward change of condition took place. He remained poor and humble; and because he had no great skill as a workman, did not earn large wages. Yet always his bread was given and his water sure.

What did take place with him as to his inner life, however, was memorable, and worthy of record. It was a change from perpetual doubt and fear to hope and trust. Every Sunday he went to church; and every Sunday heard the minister read some passage from the Book of God, that seemed written just for him. The precious words dropped into his memory, and whenever, through the week that followed, old states of darkness and distrust came back upon him, instantly some promise of God's love and care shone out in his memory like a sun, and he took hope and comfort again.

What a different man he was! How much sweeter for himself and wife and children became the home-life! How much more decided and for good his influence with his fellow-workmen.

Self-tormenting reader—of whom Jacob Long is a type—do you understand the philosophy of all this—the underlying cause that, if permitted to work, will surely produce a like effect in your case and in that of your unhappy neighbor?

God is love. In His presence is fulness of joy, and at His right hand there are pleasures forever more. We are in sorrow and pain only because we have turned from His love, and wandered away from His presence. How shall we get back? The way is very plain. "Come unto me." But how shall I come? Just as Jacob Long came—come to Him in His Word. Take into your thought and memory the words He has spoken, and so draw near to Him. Read the Bible, and think often of its precious truths; of its sweet promises; of its condemnation of evil. Think of God, not as a stern judge, who is angry with you because of

your sins; but as a loving father reaching out His hands and calling upon you to come to Him that you may have life and blessedness—as saying to you, as really and personally as though you stood with Him face to face: “Come unto me, and I will give you rest;” for it is all really true.

Try this way, poor wanderer in life's dark mazes. If you have not cared to go to church on the day of rest, go now, if it is only to hear the Scriptures read. You will soon find it a great gain. It will help you, as it helped Jacob Long. It will bring you into a new spiritual association.

You must be converted, if you would be happy. “Converted!” Yes. The word means simply to turn around and go the other way. Your face has been turned from God, and your feet have been carrying you away from Him. Turn, now, and go the other way; and every step shall bring you nearer to God, nearer to rest, and peace, and happiness.

Take the first step, and your loving Father will make all the rest plain. His Word will be a lamp unto your feet and a light unto your path.

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

SPIDERS AT HOME.

WE are going to have a talk about spiders, although people think they are ugly things, and too often either run away from them or kill them. There are spiders that are wonderful, others that are amusing, others useful, others beautiful; and, perhaps, if we ourselves were wiser, we might see that all these good qualities are in all spiders. I fancy I can hear what some little girls say to that—“Maybe they are all that you say, but we wish their legs were a little shorter!”

First of all, they are wonderful. You know how the large precious stone in a brooch is polished and cut, so that it has many facets turned different ways to reflect the light. Well, in the same way, the eye of the common spider has four thousand of these little sides or facets. He can see through every one of them, yet it is all only one eye, so small that you would have to look closely to see it. When you hear that he has eight of these eyes, you can imagine how little trouble it takes him to see the flies and the midges, and how very well he sees you, too, when you watch him in the middle of his web, and call him stupid because he shows no sign of life. The silk-worm, you know, produces his silk out of two little holes in his mouth. The threads the spider spins are his own kind of silk; but it comes not from two holes, but from hundreds of holes in his body. Hundreds of threads, too small for our eyes to see, are twisted together into every single thread that a spider weaves into his web, or leaves floating in the air.

When we watch how the web is made we shall see much that is amusing, and you may afterwards observe the spiders for yourselves. Their webs are generally to be found among the shrubs in secluded parts of the garden, or hanging about the woodwork of the summer-house; but within doors Sally makes short work of their fly-traps with her broom and mop. You know how even the web is when it is perfect—every thread is arranged in order, and it looks like a fairy wheel of thinnest gossamer. When the spider makes it, he begins with the threads that would be the spokes of the wheel, running out from the centre to the edges. There are generally between twenty and thirty of these, and he goes over them again

and again to make them strong, and fastens them all well together in the centre. Then, going to the outer edge, he begins walking around it, leaving his thread after him wherever he goes, and making it fast to every spoke before he proceeds to the next. Thus gradually he works round and round, the circles narrowing, until he and his thread are in the centre, and the web is finished. There are some spiders that construct a sort of ladder of silk, going back among the leaves close by, and, at the end of it, they lay hidden till their prey is caught; but usually the spider sits in the middle of his web, giving it now and then a shake to make sure that it is all strong, or rubbing his long legs to brush off the dust. The web is all sticky, every thread being damp with a gummy substance, so the moment a fly touches it he is stuck fast. Meanwhile, the spider waits in the centre, resting his claws on the almost invisible spokes of his airy wheel. The fly struggles—foolish fatal movement! The spider feels which thread is shaking the first instant it trembles, and, following it, he reaches the fly. If it is a large one, he clasps it with his long legs, and strikes his sharp nippers into its body. Instantly the fly ceases to struggle; it is dead. The spider has poisoned it by a fluid which lies hidden in his front claws. Now he cuts away the threads of the web close to his victim, and then, twirling the dead fly round and round, swathes him in new threads. Having thus made up a compact bundle, he attaches it to himself, and, at his leisure, carries it to some hiding-place, and enjoys his meal. Those very small flies, called midges, which whirl about in swarms under the trees in summer, are caught in vast numbers on the gummy webs. Sometimes more than a hundred of them are, in a single day, lodged in one of these traps, and when the owner wants them he collects several, binds them together, and carries them off in lots.

Spiders fight, and eat each other, when they can; and for all sorts of insect food they have amazing appetites. Here is the account of the bill of fare of one which a naturalist watched, and fed with dead insects: Half-past five in the morning, an earwig; at seven, a fly; at nine, a daddy-long-legs; at one, a big blue-bottle or blow-fly; and after that the spider employed himself in carrying off in lots together, and eating, more than a hun-

dred midges, which had been caught in his web during the day. The gentleman who took the trouble to watch this spider says that, taking into account the size of a man, compared to the size of a spider, a man with a similar appetite would eat thus:—At daybreak, a small alligator; at seven, a lamb; at nine o'clock, a young giraffe; at one, a sheep; and after that, about a hundred larks. But after all it is hard to call the spider greedy, when we learn what work he has to do. The length of thread a spider spins in a week making new webs—for one web usually only lasts a day—binding up his victims, and going about from place to place, always leaving a thread after him, is said to be nearly two hundred yards, and all this comes out of his own small body.

When a spider is attacked he saves himself by falling from his web, and hanging by a thread so thin that it can scarcely be seen. The danger being gone, he climbs up the thread again, hand over hand, like a sailor going up a rope. At other times he drops from the web, leaving no gossamer rope for his return. He lies on the ground below, with his legs gathered round him into a little ball that can scarcely be distinguished from the loose earth. If you pick him up he often keeps perfectly still for minutes together, till you think he must be dead, and throw him away. Dead, indeed! The moment you are gone he spreads out his eight long legs, and runs away.

We sometimes are inclined to believe that spiders can fly; but that is impossible, for they have no wings. How is it, then, that they pass through the air, moving from branch to branch, or rising from the top of a garden-wall? If you look closely at a spider passing from place to place, you will see that he is climbing along a thread, or that it is floating up with him. When he wants to go from branch to branch, he shoots out a thread from his body, the wind carries it on, and its gum makes it adhere to whatever it touches. Then the end of it being fast, he moves along it. Sometimes this thread is carried up into the air, and wafted hither and thither, and the spider, letting go his hold of the ground, is carried upward—the least breath of air, even one which is too slight for us to perceive, being quite sufficient to raise his floating cord, and carry him away. Without the assistance of this filmy silk he cannot even ascend an even surface, as a fly can. If you put a spider into the bottom of a perfectly clean well-polished glass, he will make useless attempts to walk up its sides, and then he will spin a web against it, a sort of ladder, which he ascends step by step as he makes it. You will require very good sight to see this web against the glass, but a strong magnifying-glass will show it to you. It is quite a different thing when a stray spider stands on the ceiling back downwards. There he has an uneven surface, which he can easily seize with his claws.

Besides the Garden Spider, which builds a web for a fly-trap, the Zebra Spider is very common. It is striped whitish and brown, and instead of spinning a web it hunts the flies, and so is sometimes called the Hunting Spider. Stealing after its prey along a garden-path, or the top of a wall, it waits its chance, and when the insect

is still, it seizes it with one long spring, quick as lightning.

There are also Water Spiders, which inhabit shallow stagnant pools and marshes. When they dive under water a little air is retained between the hairs with which they are covered, and this, making a bubble beneath the surface, keeps them alive. The female spins round her a cell of silk, of a form something like a thimble, or half a small bird's egg. It is filled with her bubble of air, so that the water cannot get in; and in this silken diving-bell she lays her eggs. It is from eggs that both land and water spiders come. Often the mother shows great care and affection in her own insect way, carefully guarding the tiny cocoon in which hundreds, perhaps thousands, of her eggs are inclosed. Some species carry it between their fore-claws; some keep it attached to their bodies; others place it in crevices of walls, or roll it up in a dead leaf. There is one kind of spider that lives in the woods, and binds together the fallen leaves, spinning its threads round them to make a nest for itself. It is remarkable that the dormouse, when it is building its own little nest, takes these spiders' nests to make its roof. In some places where people have searched, the roof of two out of every three of the nests of dormice were formed of a spider's nest of leaves.

There are many other kinds of spiders; for instance, the Harvest Spider, which appears in autumn. It is very small, with long hair-like legs, and it does not seem to mind a bit if it loses its legs, they grow so quickly again. In Hampton Court Palace, there is a race of spiders which is found nowhere else. They are called Cardinal Spiders, after the famous Wolsey, who once lived there. There seems to be another tribe, which live in the great cathedrals and churches on the Continent of Europe, and find their food in the oil which adheres to the lamps, or is left in them when they are put out. If we are to believe all the stories that are told, the oil agrees famously with those spiders; for instance, it is said that one which lived long ago in Milan Cathedral weighed no less than four pounds!

THE PRESENT AND THE PAST.—One day after another slips by, and goes farther and farther into the past, and still farther, till the days that were once actual and present, have gone to make up the old times about which history is written, falling back into the obscurity of diminishing perspective to its vanishing point. Thus may we pass outward to our last days of old age, slowly enough it appears to us now, but when passed it will be but as the rush of the meteor, of which one has an absorbing consciousness for a moment, but which is then totally lost and soon forgotten.

THE snob is the child of aristocratic societies. Perched on a step of the long ladder, he respects the man on the round above him, and despises the man on the step below, without inquiring what they are worth, solely on account of their position; in his innermost heart he finds it natural to kiss the boots of the first, and to kick the second.

Evenings with the Poets.

A SONG OF PARTING.

THROUGH all the laughter and the light
Of happy jest and repartee,
My heart is sad and full to-night;
I would not say good-bye to thee.

And yet these tremulous lips that part
To-night with such a tender grace,
That all the strong and loving heart
Seems overflowing on the face,

Will never cease to speak to me.
If I but listen I shall hear,
A thousand leagues across the sea,
As now, their accents soft and clear,

Good-night! good-bye! but never dies
The pressure of this warm, sweet hand;
The radiance of these star-like eyes
Will light me in that other land.

Good-night! Good-bye! I cannot stay
The fate that leads our ways apart,
But only here in passing lay
This tribute to a loving heart.—L. B. H.

DINNA BE DISCOURAGED.

BY ANNA LINDEN.

IF Fortune has been fickle,
And has played a game o' cheat,
And taken your possessions
Wi' a trick uncommon neat;
Dinna be discouraged,
Though she gives her darkest frown,
And dinna be discouraged
Though she tries to cast ye down.

If health and strength are left ye,
Ye have naething much to fear,
But can fight another battle
Wi' the knowledge bought so dear;
So dinna be discouraged
If Fortune's frown is cold,
And dinna be discouraged
Though she hide away her gold.

Pursue her steps in earnest,
And pick up the little gains,
And she may turn and meet ye
If she sees ye taking pains;
But dinna be discouraged
If there comes a backward frown,
And dinna slack your efforts
If ye yet would chase her down.

Be patient and be steady,
Wi' a cheerful look ahead,
And work in sober earnest
Wi' neither fear nor dread;
And dinna be discouraged
If Fortune looks askance,
And try till she rewards you
Wi' a tender, smiling glance.

If ye wait "the good time coming"
It will make a tedious stay,
Unless ye go to meet it,
Trying hard to clear the way;

For the wheel o' fickle Fortune
Is ever turning round,
And it will bring ye something
If ye only stand your ground.

But there's a little secret
That may hold a small surprise;
She is very keen and cunning,
Wi' a pair o' prying eyes,
To see if care and prudence
Are there when she's away,
If not, then Madam Fortune
May make a long delay.

Herald of Health.

THE FARMER FEEDETH ALL.

BY CHARLES G. LELAND, IN "GOLDEN RULE."

MY lord rides through his palace gate,
My lady sweeps along in state.
The sage thinks long on many a thing,
And the maiden muses on marrying;
The minstrel harpeth merrily;
The sailor ploughs the foaming sea,
The huntsman kills the good red deer,
And the soldier wars without e'en fear;
*But fall to each, whate'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.*

Smith hammereth cherry red the sword,
Priest preacheth pure the Holy Word,
Dame Alice worketh broidery well,
Clerk Richard tales of love can tell,
The tap-wife sells her foaming beer,
Dan Fisher fisheth in the mere,
And courtiers ruffle, strut and shine,
While pages bring the gascon wine;
*But fall to each, whate'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.*

Man builds his castle fair and high,
Wherever river runneth by,
Great cities rise in every land,
Great churches show the builder's hand,
Great arches, monuments and towers,
Fair palaces and pleasing bowers;
Great work is done, be't here or there,
And well man worketh everywhere;
*But work or rest, whate'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.*

"A SECRET AT HOME."

BY MISS MULOCH.

THE maid that deceived me was fatal and fair,
With the curl on her lip and her arrogant air;
The wife I deceived is as tender and true
As the grass on the mountain-slope covered with
dew,
Ah! many a storm Love can safely outride,
But a secret at home is like rocks under tide.

The maid that forsook me was cruel and cold;
She cared not for love, she cared only for gold.
The wife of my bosom is simple and mild,
With the heart of a woman, the smile of a child.
Ah! many a storm Love can safely outride,
But a secret at home is like rocks under tide.

The Home Circle.

FROM MY CORNER.

BY LICHEN.

No. 10.

"I WAS glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord." How many there are, who read this beautiful passage month after month, yet how few amongst them, comparatively speaking, appreciate fully the depths of its meaning, and feel the gladness of which the Psalmist speaks.

There are so many who being able to go, whenever and wherever they will, and living where they can go to church every week, attend service often as a mere matter of course, because it is their habit, and stay away for any little excuse, because they feel it hardly worth while to take a little trouble to go. But we whose feet have been stayed for months or years, whose frail bodies will not enable us to sit with those who worship in temples made with hands, but whose souls long, "yea, even faint, sometimes, for the courts of the Lord"—to us the full import of joyful meaning comes, when, after long absence, we are permitted to enter that holy place again. Not long ago, that blessed privilege was mine, and, after an absence of seven years, I went once more to the King's courts, and felt that He was there, to be with and bless His people. It was a lovely morning, just cool enough to be pleasant; the sun shone brightly, and soft winds were whispering hymns of praise through the tree-tops. Kind friends had placed an easy chair for me in the vestry room of the little church, where I could look directly into the chancel at the reading-desk, where the white-robed minister stood, a soft light falling on his venerable head.

An air of sacredness seemed to pervade the place. A garland of white flowers hung over the little chancel cross; a vase of the same stood in the centre of the font. A gentle breeze came through the window behind my chair, and outside a blue-bird warbled its little song. Then the notes of the organ fell on my ear, softly at first, but swelling into triumphal ones, as the sweet voices of the choir mingled with its tones, in a joyous anthem. Oh! the rush of emotions that it brought, in a tide which overpowered all my composure.

Soon the music ceased, and the opening words of the service—"The Lord is in His holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before Him"—hushed my heart into calm again, and I felt that it was good to be there. Throughout the long service and sermon, I felt lifted up and strengthened—receiving fresh courage to walk on in some of the difficult paths before me.

Oh, how I had longed for, and looked forward to this time, and if I should never go again, what a boon it was, to have this one heart-feast. Only those who have been in like manner situated, can know or appreciate its worth.

The summer is ended, and rich autumnal glories are decking the woods and fields, and plentiful harvests await the gathering of the husbandman. The cooler breezes come like a blessing, refreshing and invigorating our whole being. How pleasant now to ride over the hills in the fresh morning air, gaining strength and relish for the duties of the day before one. Or to walk through the woods of a bright afternoon, watching the leaves as their colors begin to turn, and listening to the voices with which Nature talks through her children to human ears. The wood-birds' music is not all gone, and the fall wild flowers furnish rich bouquets.

When I see Floy and her young sister Mollie come in from these rides and walks, looking so fresh and bright, it does me good, although I cannot share them.

I get many a small bit of the pleasure or gain which they bring away.

The summer is ended, and the little idyl which has been enacted under my eyes, is finished, too. Something of brightness has dropped out of my life, along with the summer glow. Hope has gone, and though happy thoughts fill my mind whenever I think of her, yet I shall miss her sadly at times.

Happy, joyous Hope! It was even as I suspected about her, and I know that is the reason of her going home now. Her departure was rather sudden, though she had talked of its probability at times.

She came over last evening to tell me good-bye, and finding ourselves alone for a few minutes just before she left, I asked her if she had not something to tell me, which I would be glad to know. She laid her flushing face on my pillow, and with her hand clasped in mine, told me, in the deepening twilight, the sweet story, so old, yet ever new, and received the warm sympathy which she could not have from her aunt, and which every young heart must long for from some one, when it first knows such happiness. She said Charlie was going home with her to see her mother, and if all goes on well she will be back here sometime to stay. There is no hurry—she is young yet, and Charlie not settled in business.

Dear Hope! she deserves all the good which I hope is in store for her. May no shadow of gloom cloud the brightness of the future which she looks forward to. She has so much good sense and principle, added to her lovely disposition, that I am sure she is capable of making a happy home; and the man who has chosen her to set her above all other women in his heart, has, if I can judge from his face and what I know of him, the judgment and perception to see this. His own nature is a bright, sunny one, and his whole manner and movement show energy and strength of purpose, while his mouth is a combination of firmness and sweetness in its looks. If they are not happy together, it will be very strange.

I think to be truly happy a woman should marry a man whose mind and will are strong enough to lead hers, yet who is generous enough to yield sometimes. We all know that there are many things about which a woman's judgment is the best—especially in home matters—and her quicker intuitions and finer perceptions often enable her to arrive soonest at the best conclusions on many subjects. If this were universally admitted and appreciated, I think there would be much less domestic unhappiness. The peace of so many homes is destroyed either by the wife wishing to rule too much, or the husband being a tyrant.

Some of the girls are saying, perhaps: "Why is Lichen going off on such a moral lecture all about married people?"

Ah, sweet May, and Floy, and all your bright-faced sisters who read this page (Hope will not see it, so I have felt free to write unreservedly of her), it is of you careless, light-hearted ones I am thinking when I pen such words; and often as I lie musing in my little corner, I think of the possible future that lies before each of you whom I love, with a feeling of warm personal interest in each one.

There are three or four to whom I would like to be an elder sister, to draw your hearts toward me in loving confidence, trying to instill into your minds such views and principles as would help fit you to meet the toils and snares of life and avoid its rocks and quicksands.

Dear friends, who read each month the "Home Circle," when this page meets your eyes, the year will be

gathering its gray, faded garments around it, and preparing for departure, to join those that are no more. Or, perhaps, that is not the proper way to express it. Our days and years are, in one sense, the product of our lives—our acts and thoughts; and though gone from us forever, they must live somewhere, silent testators of what we have been and are. I was re-reading the other day, a favorite little poem, which seems to embody this thought in pretty, metaphorical style, and as it is short, I have ventured to copy it entire:

"On swift wing, down across the skies,
An angel gathered up the hours,
And folded them to his white breast,
Like faded wreaths of summer flowers.

"And hour he gathered into hour,
Till all my life was garnered there,
With every tear, and smile, and song,
And every idle word, and prayer.

"With streaming eyes I reached my hands,
And cried, 'Oh! give them back to me!
And I will give you fairer ones,
To blossom in Eternity.'

"The angel looked with pitying eyes,
Upon the drooping flowers he bore,
'God holds forever all thy past,
And days and years come back no more.'"

And if this idea be true—that all our days be kept as records, can we take too much care that they should be marked by deeds and thoughts worth storing up for immortality? Alas! how many pass, that hold little of either, but much that we would fain blot out. What a lenient Father and Judge we need, to overlook or pardon the countless failures and shortcomings with which are calendars are marked. A sentence of Mrs. Browning's, with regard to this, often comes to my mind:

"Alas, long-suffering and most patient God,
Thou needst be surer God, to bear with us,
Than even to have made us."

But He judges not as we judge each other. He sees the broken efforts which, when we commenced, we intended to make fair, smooth stones in our building. He sees all the inner life that no human eye can watch—the struggling with evil, the discouragements, the drawbacks with which some are surrounded, and I have thought that perhaps the small amount of goodness which they can attain to, is of more value in His eyes, than the exemplary lives of those who, with naturally good dispositions, and little to try them, have not half as much to struggle and battle with. The hermit who flees from the world, and spends his time in fasting and prayer, and reading holy books, does not lead as good a life as he who lives in the world, surrounded by trials and temptations, and tries to resist evil and do his duty toward his fellow-men, though he may often fail. It is well, therefore, not to dwell too much on the thought of our faults and failures in the past, but to strengthen our hearts with good resolutions and determined purpose for the present and future. Those are wise words of admonition which our poet Longfellow gives:

"Look not mournfully into the past, it comes not back again; wisely improve the present, it is thine; go forth to meet the shadowy future, without fear, and with a manly heart."

Which means, I judge, a brave, courageous one. Yes, that is what many of us need—a brave, steadfast heart, which shall enable us to quell our fears for that future which holds—we know not what, for us, but whose shadows sometimes seem so dark. We can form so little idea of what it will really be, even when we think we can judge a good deal about it.

As we look back over the year that has hurried away—through the brightness of its soft spring hours,

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the radiance of its royal June days, the burning summer heats and glorious autumn fruitage time—as we think of the events these seasons have brought us, how different has been its passing from what we anticipated or hoped. How many joys have blossomed brightly, that were hardly dreamed of, in prospect, yet how many hopes have faded and died, ere fruition dawned upon them. What unexpected pleasures have come to some, what plans long laid and built surely upon, have failed entirely for others, and dark shadows fallen and heavy trials come where they would never have been looked for.

A twelvemonth ago, when I was bidding adieu to the year just passed, I remember how hopefully I looked forward to the new one. Well for me it was that I could not see the suffering in store for some dear ones, the anxiety and care for all who were with them. Now, I feel sometimes, that I would gladly blot out the year and its memory. No, not all of it, either, for some sufferings and trials bring hearts closer together than would ever be, otherwise, and awaken tenderer, deeper feelings, and chasten and purify the soul, even though they are hard for the body to pass through. Often it has been hard to keep these things hidden in my heart, and talk as usual to the friends of my corner. Sometimes I have said to myself, how can I write bright thoughts when a sorrow and heartache is pressing upon me, which you who read cannot know, for our deepest sorrows and joys are too sacred for stranger eyes, however sympathizing they may be. And on this account I have been afraid I might fail sometimes in making my little chats interesting, but I could not willingly give them up, for I knew there were loving eyes and hearts watching for them, so I did what I could. Then there have been bright rays gleaming through the clouds, at times, which I could catch and note down.

As the year draws to a close, does not this last month of the calendar, though many of its days are bleak and dreary, bring one day more precious than any other? A time looked forward to with joyful expectation by the young—the merry Christmas-time, to those who have not yet tasted life's cares and sorrows. The happy Christmas-time, to those whose lives, tempered by both good and ill, now move serenely on in an even course—who gather around them their children, and renew in them and their pleasures, their own past youth. The blessed Christmas time to many a heart which, chastened and saddened by deepest sorrow, yet hails with a deeper, more sacred feeling, that day which brought to us His presence, who is the great Healer and Comforter of all woes. Therefore, these last days are its best and richest, in their reminding us of this great gift, and the close of the year is a fitting time for them to come.

Oh, year! fading slowly away from our gaze—year that has brought us good and ill, pain and gladness, leave us gently and peacefully, that thy departing hours may be happy ones to look back upon, and the dawning of the new one find our hearts brave and cheerful, ready to meet whatever it brings. Thou goest in darkness and silence, but let the light which no earthly darkness can obscure, shine upon us as we bid thee farewell. For thee, no flowers will breathe their incense, no wood-birds sing a lament; but let an incense more precious than the fragrance of flowers, hover around thy bier, and thy requiem be sung by loving hearts, to whom thou hast brought life's sweetest joys.

Of all the myths of the fairy age, of its many legends and enchantments, true love seems to be the one great charm which has come down to us unchanged by time, untouched by steam-engines, and unexplained by science. True love is true love by whatever signs and language it is spoken—as long as hearts beat, as long as life exists, in whatever age, iron or golden, we must seek it.

LITTLE MAUD.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

"Birds in our wood sang,
Ringing through our valleys,
Maud is here, here, here,
In among the lilies."

AND there I found her—not Tennyson's, but another's—and even a Raphael would have stood entranced before the picture that she made that fair June morning such a little while ago.

I remember it all so well.

We were "so tired, my heart and I," and out under the quiet skies we were in search of rest, when, lo! the young child's face shone suddenly upon us—as a saint's might in a dream—and the world within and the world without throbbed in divine accord.

Such a tiny face it was!

If I were to try to tell you of its wondrous beauty, its faultless outlines, its rounded, flushing perfectness, I could only repeat what has been said of faces over and over again by those whose gifts are greater far than mine—gifts gracious and goodly, it is true, yet falling utterly if essaying to describe the charm of faces such as Maud's.

They come so rarely, they go so surely. Through the dark of human lives they flash their strengthening sunshine, and duty glows divinely; the hard ways seem to soften and to yield a scent of violets; the storm is less a storm, and something like a song stirs the slow pulses of souls grown weary waiting for the dawn.

And Maud—the stranger's darling Maud—whose name I do not know save that it was "Maud."

"O Christ, that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The souls we love, that they might tell us
What and where they be."

For, if I were to seek the wide world over, I could not find her anywhere. They would show me—some one, I think, would show me—the wee mound that covers her silken hair and her snowy feet, and upon the tablet at its head, I might read her name and age; but I should think of her as I think of my own darling—

"Whom the angels wanted up in Heaven,
Though they never asked for me."

Think of her as of one who, having done a great work well, is gathered to reward.

"What do they do up there?" she whispered at the last.

And the father, though his heart was breaking, answered calmly: "I do not know, dear. But they do not suffer any more, and God takes care of them."

"O papa! I want to go quick—quick!"

And the Father heard and answered—the tender, watching, loving Father of us all. For

"The cold, white brow was all of her."

I know so well the horror of the dark that holds and fills the home I have never seen and the lives that are not anything to me, save that a common sorrow makes us kin; and I know, too, that the child will be to them far, far more, henceforth, than she has ever been. That the memory and the hope of her will be the "pillar of cloud by day," and "the pillar of fire by night" that will guide them by safest paths

"To where, beyond those islands, there is peace,"

and that the very thought of "Maud, immortal," will be to them a greater, a diviner good than could find them, ever, through the touches of her human hands.

"Immortal? I feel it and know it!
Who doubts it of such as she?
But that is my grief's very secret,
Immortal away from me."

Such will be the burden of their plaint a little while; but, later on, the desolate agony will wear itself to the calm that admits her presence, and they will have learned, as I have, to thank God that come what will to them—the little one is safe.

THE AFTERNOON NAP.

"I NDEED you must excuse me, Aunt Huldah, for being so dull to-day," said Mrs. Russell, as she tried to suppress a yawn and go on again with her sewing with new vigor. "But I was awake so much last night with Charley's whooping-cough, I am not very wide awake to-day. Just as I would be about in a doze, he was sure to cough again, and then I had to spring up and attend to him."

"We mothers all know what whooping-cough is, Fanny; I had five children coughing all at once. Now, Fanny, I will tell you what I wish you to do. Just drop that sewing, and go up to your coolest chamber and sleep a few minutes. If you just close your eyes and lose yourself a minute, it will refresh you wonderfully."

"Why, auntie! And leave you here? I could not think of it."

"I will look out for myself, my dear; so have no anxiety on that account. I will attend to the ship below decks, as your grandfather would say. So you have no excuse but to do as your old auntie bids you."

"But I ought to finish this dress for Clara. She does need it."

"Never mind the dress, you will finish it all the sooner for taking this rest you so much need first. Your duty always is 'my own health first when I can secure it.'"

Fanny did not require long persuading, nature was pleading so hard in the same strain. So in a short time she was soundly sleeping in a cool east room, well-shaded from the afternoon sun, and so darkened the flies were glad to keep out.

"Oh, how good of auntie to mind the house awhile," she thought, drowsily. "I must only sleep ten minutes at most."

By that time she was fairly sailing in cloud-land.

She awoke with a start, just in time to hear the clock strike five, and ran down-stairs as spry and bright as a cricket.

"How could you let me sleep so, auntie?" she exclaimed.

"Hasn't it done you good, dear?" said the old lady, as pleased as she could be. "I am very glad for my part that I happened along so you could get the chance. You young mothers need a great deal more sleep than you get. Now I want you to make it a rule to take a nap whenever you can, when you have lost much sleep the night before. Nature demands a certain amount to keep our mental machinery in repair. The waste every day is something considerable, and the only way we can recruit this nerve-power rightly is in sleep. If you lose one night, you must make it up some time or other. Either you will be sick for a day or two and do little but sleep, or else you must try and catch up with yourself as you go along, just as you try to 'catch up' with your other work when it has fallen behindhand. There is nothing on which a woman's health and strength depends more than upon her sleep. If she works hard and gets very tired even, yet a sound sleep can refresh her so she will take up the burden again with comfort and cheerfulness on the next morning. But nothing goes right when you get about half the amount of sleep you should. Some need more, some less; but the mother of little children needs all she can get. You will seldom be inclined to take more than you need." So don't be afraid of overdoing the matter."

CHRISTINE.

NOTHING can impair perfect friendship, because truth is the only bond of it.

OUR DALLAS.

WE had been children together—Barbara, Dallas and I—in the old stone house, with its wide piazzas, deep windows, and long, breezy halls. Oh! the long, sweet days we have spent in the shadow of the pines and hemlocks, or climbing the hills with feet that never wearied, it seems to me now.

All our lives had been filled with the sunshine that goldened the green slopes, and mellowed by the soft dusk of the evergreen woods that lay around our home.

The first break in our little circle was made when Dallas was sent away to college; but now he had graduated and come back to us, braver and handsomer than ever, we thought. Barbara, our little adopted sister, had grown to be a sweet woman, and our fear that she might sometime leave us was lost in the happy assurance that she was now truly our own, for she was my brother's wife.

Oh, my little Barbara!—with your deep, clear eyes, pure white forehead, and brown, crowning hair—how often do I see you sitting there in the long flood of moonlight in a summer evening, as you used, when we watched together for him, you and I.

One beautiful thing there is in this lovely world that is more than I can bear—a summer twilight, and the glory which follows it. I cannot sit alone in our parlor, nor on the wide west porch, because the dusk and the moonlight were our sweetest hours in times gone by. Did we ever dream that he could be taken from us—Dallas, our idol?

I am his sister; but I know it is not because of that alone that he has always seemed to me different from others. He was grand, and noble, and good. The truest heart, and the tenderest, that ever beat in a human breast, was his. It would be hard to tell which loved him most, his little wife or myself; but one thing I am sure of, we both gave him the best we had.

We had been all the morning among the roses, Barbara and I, and now the house was filled with their delicious fragrance.

That long June day! How the sun shone; how the birds sang; and the roses, how they glowed out in the sunny old garden and over the gray stone wall. Just at sunset he would come—Dallas, who had been away from us two long weeks. We should see him first on the hill-top, then down the long, winding road, till he was lost to sight in the valley; then next by the great oak on the nearest hill, and in a moment more he would be at the gate.

It was a sweet day to us both—perhaps because of the waiting and watching. We talked of everything calm, and still, and beautiful. We walked to the dark little lake that lay in the heart of the deepest hemlock grove, and gazed for hours into its tranquil depths while we talked of our "Great heart."

When the sun dropped low in the sky, we sat together in our old place on the west porch, and looked toward that far-away golden hill-top, and I remember that she said: "Could the very gate of Heaven be brighter?"

At last the sun was gone. Slowly the shadows crept up over the world. Our eyes were strained through the gathering gloom, but he did not come. Barbara sat in the great arm-chair, still as a ghost. By and by the moon arose and covered her with a silver glory.

We watched and listened, but no ring of a horse's hoof broke the unearthly stillness of that summer night.

At last she rose up, pale and quiet, and said in her own sweet voice: "Surely we shall see him in the morning."

Yes, dear Barbara, in the morning of God's long day that shall have no sunset.

"Dallas is dead!" What words they were to us; there is no smile in Heaven or earth to express their awful meaning. When all is said, nothing could be so terrible as those three words—"Dallas is dead!" Laid

low, in the strength of his young manhood; his brave heart, so full of love to God and man, stilled in a moment.

That June night, while we waited for him and prayed for his safe return, he lay in the grass by the roadside, with white, upturned face among the dew and the wild roses—alone! And his soul entered in "through the gates into the city."

Oh, the long, long days in that awful house after he was carried out! I wonder how we lived. I can only remember that I seemed in a trance, and Barbara was a shadow coming and going. But we came back to life again; if not our life, still the life God had chosen for us, and He gave us strength to say: "Thy will be done."

Barbara is far away from me now, and only the dear Father knows if I shall ever see her sweet face again. Before me is one of her treasured letters that I love most of all:

"I used to feel, sister, that if he were taken away I should not want to live any longer; indeed, I thought I could not; and the one thing I prayed for above all others was, that I might lean upon him all my life. But now I see how wrong I've been; for I have prayed in this way: 'O Father! give me this, *this only*, I will not ask for more. This one small gift, Thou who art so great and kind, wilt surely not deny.' I should have said, and now will say: 'Give me anything, or nothing, whatever pleases Thee, and make me patient.'"

"Some hearts were only made to suffer. Perpetual sunshine, or even the warm atmosphere of common happiness, would dwarf them. My heart, then, shall take as its *dower from God's hand* this weight of sorrow, and, through suffering, grow rich in tenderness."

MARCH ELLINWOOD.

TEACH THE LITTLE GIRLS TO MAKE DRESSES.

WE can hardly begin too early to interest our little girls in the work of making their own clothing. As soon as a little girl can sew, she should be trained to have some responsibility in keeping herself in repair, if it is only to sew on her stray buttons. But little girls like making much better than mending, and almost any bright girl of twelve is old enough to make a plain dress for herself. It takes a deal of patience to teach her, mother, but it will pay you the best kind of interest. Teach her to use the sewing-machine neatly, and show her over and over again how to pin on her patterns, so as to cut the material to the best advantage. Take time enough. Let her have a full fortnight to make the first dress, so it will not be such a weariness that she will detest the work ever afterwards. Encourage her to take short views of her task. Only one thing at a time. To-day run up the breadths, the next make the hem, which should be very carefully basted for a beginner. You and I may run them through the machine without basting, if we like. Teach her to measure the length of the skirt with the greatest care, by a dress that just suits her, and have that always handy for reference during the process of making up.

Tell her it is not so great a work to make up a dress as she fancies; just one sleeve at a time to sew up and sew in, one dart to stitch up, one button to sew on, and so all the way through. Do not have her work too long at a time, but let something be gained on it every day. Let her feel at night that she has really made progress, and it will encourage and please her.

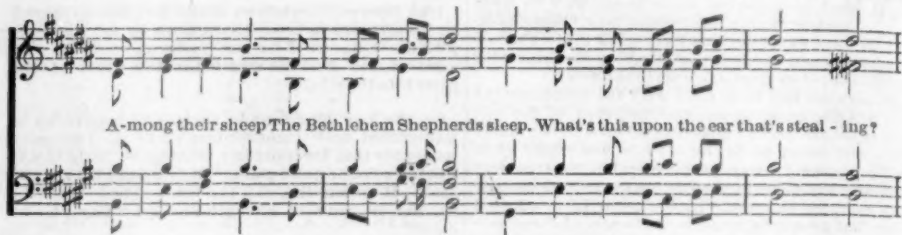
I know there are plenty of young girls who would gladly learn the art of dressmaking if their mothers would only take the trouble patiently to instruct them. A young lady who is independent of the caprices of dressmakers has made a good strike for woman's rights, and she will never see the day when she would willingly give up her knowledge of the art.

J. E. McC.

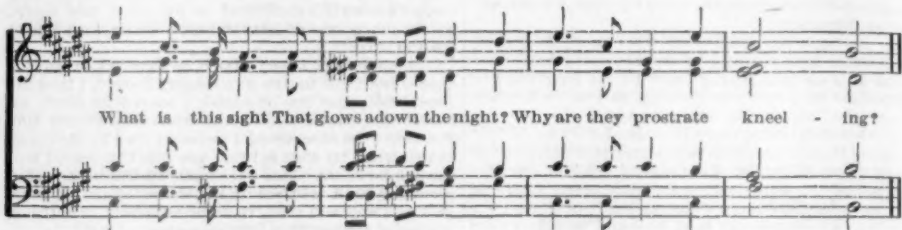
CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Words by F. E. RANKIN, D. D.

Music composed for Home Magazine by O. A. KNIFE.



A-mong their sheep The Bethlehem Shepherds sleep. What's this upon the ear that's steal - ing?



What is this sight That glows adown the night? Why are they prostrate kneel - ing?

Celestial sound
Fills all the air around,
Taking the sense in blissful capture,
As though some note
Heaven's walls had set afloat,
O'erflowing with its rapture.

And now, from wings
And pent up murmurings,
The air's alive with sound and motion;
A hush at first,
And then at once it burst—
That flood of glad emotion.

A babe is born
In yonder shed forlorn—
A babe is born of Hebrew woman,
In whom there dwells,
As prophecy foretells,
In one, divine and human.

Let earth's wide plains
Repeat the angel strains
Until each human ear has caught them,
And send them back,
Along the starry track
By which the angels brought them.

Housekeepers' Department.

A TALK WITH YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.

BY SISTER ROSE.

MANY young girls marry and go about their household duties with the ease and success apparently of their mothers, who were notable housekeepers; but a great number no doubt entered upon life's responsibilities with as great shrinking and distrust as did myself.

At sixteen I had resolved never to marry. Wedded to a poor man, life would be drudgery, and in any case cares would accumulate. I had no taste for housekeeping; I never saw a cobweb unless it were pointed out to me. But only a few years later I met one who induced me to change my intentions. I assured him I would not make a very good wife; I could make a picture better than a pie, and preferred reading a book to making a bed. But he took me for better or for worse, and for a couple of years I think he found it worse, but the dear, patient soul never found any fault.

Let me digress, and tell you I am writing this to girls who were as foolish as myself, who laughed at good housekeepers as women of a single idea (and that idea was housework), who never had time or inclination for the cultivation of any higher tastes, but confined themselves only to the daily routine of supplying the wants of the inner man.

I have since observed that good housewives were intelligent women, for it requires brains to carry on the details of a household, and if not always well-read women, or at all literary, yet, as a class, they are as much so as women of leisure.

At the commencement of my married life, it was my desire to be a good wife and have a pleasant home, though I did not realize the nature entirely of the requisites of a pleasant home. I had a contempt, as before hinted, of housework, but did not find at all irksome the little work required for us two. I had a tolerable knowledge of cooking, and had concocted various puddings and cakes in my mother's kitchen, liking to mix the ingredients and note the results. I had been taught to make bread as a solemn duty. A pie I had never made, so was by no means pleased to find that my husband's favorite dessert in winter was apple pie.

I had kept my reputation as a good cook for a young housekeeper by never attempting anything until I knew just how. Finding no recipe in my cook-book for apple pie, I went out among my neighbors.

"Why use your judgment about it," said one good housekeeper.

"But I have no judgment in the matter," I replied. "I want something more substantial with which to make a pie."

One lady told me she guessed at the amount of lard and flour, and used enough water to make it hold together.

I went home, took a big lump of lard, mixed a little flour into it, and found that it required very little water to make it hold together; in fact, the lard seemed able to do that alone. Looking into the oven in a few minutes, I found my pie-crust almost melted. Then I tried again, and my crust was as much too long as before it was too short. I told my husband there must be a special talent in making pies. Some people made delicious pies, using only their judgment, and it must be something entirely out of my line. He kindly concluded he did not care much for pie, so we had puddings of all sorts.

Finally, I was telling a young friend my trouble, and she, an excellent cook, gave me her way. She always had a recipe for everything, she said, and then she had no failures. I found her way excellent; and after practising a couple of years, let me whisper to you in quiet triumph, Charles says I make an apple and pumpkin pie better suited to his taste than his mother, and that I consider the highest praise.

Next time I wish to tell you how I was told to make pie, and give you some good, every-day sort of recipes, obtained from good cooks, and which I have tested a long time.

But I have learned a better lesson than how to make pies, and that is, never to despise that which in any sense makes a complete home. Let us try to be all in all to our husbands; not alone his cheerful, entertaining companion, a devoted mother to his children, but one also of whose properly-cooked repasts he is proud.

OYSTERS.

Why are oysters frequently found distressing to weak stomachs?

Because they are generally swallowed without mastication. The stomach, therefore, has an unusual labor to perform. There is no reason why oysters should not be masticated as well as other food; by being so they would form a light and agreeable diet.

CARROTS INSTEAD OF EGGS.

AN exchange says: "It is not generally known that boiled carrots, when properly prepared, form an excellent substitute for eggs in puddings. They must, for this purpose, be boiled and mashed, and passed through a coarse cloth or hair sieve strainer. The pulp is then introduced among the other ingredients of the pudding, to the total omission of eggs. A pudding made up in this way is much lighter than where eggs are used, and is much more palatable. On the principle of economy, this fact is worthy of the prudent housewife's attention."

STARTING A FIRE IN STILL WEATHER.

ALL housekeepers have at some time realized the difficulty of lighting a fire in a still, damp morning, when the chimney will not draw, and vigorous blowing proves ineffectual. Science explains the trouble as "caused by the difficulty encountered in overcoming the inertia of the long column of air in the pipe or chimney, by the small column of air that can be forced up through the interstices of wood and coal, at the bottom of which the fire is kindled." This may be remedied by first lighting a few bits of shavings or paper placed upon the top; thus by the heated air's forcing itself into the chimney and establishing there an upward current, the room is kept from the gas or smoke which is so apt to fill the room, and the fire can then be lighted from below with good success.

HOW TO COOK AN EGG.

IN answer to the question as to the best way of cooking an egg, Dr. Holbrook gives, in the *Herald of Health*, this method. He says:

"Our experience is, that eggs should be cooked fifteen minutes in water poured on them at a boiling temperature, and then set away from the fire and covered up. We have taught a good many people this summer, in our tent life at Ocean Grove, how to cook eggs; and one gentleman said it was worth a journey of five hundred miles to learn the right way."

Health Department.

PREVENTION OF DISEASE.

FROM an article in the *Herald of Health* we take the following:

"The wisest physicians now unite in saying that twice as many people die every year as would if proper hygienic and sanitary methods were observed. In his lecture on 'Sanitary Science,' Dr. White, of Cornell University, says: 'The statistics show that in seven leading towns and districts of England, where careful and thorough modes of sewerage prevail, the percentage of deaths has been reduced from forty to twenty per cent.' An English writer on 'Disease Germs,' says that 'by a good system of sewerage one hundred thousand lives might be saved annually in England.' The leading medical officers of England unite in saying that 'the life of the people gains from twenty to twenty-five per cent. in ten years, and suffers less than half the average sickness and disability in the well-drained districts.' In that admirable little book, entitled 'Fifth Diseases and their Prevention,' we are told that the deaths in England 'are fully one hundred and twenty-five thousand more numerous than they would be if existing knowledge of the chief causes of disease was reasonably well applied.' Among the principal causes of this vast number of deaths taking place every year, which ought not to take place,

is that which we designate as filth. The author of 'Fifth Diseases' says: 'It has been among the oldest and most universal of medical experiences that populations living amid filth, and within direct reach of its polluting influence, succumb to various diseases which, under opposite conditions, are comparatively or absolutely unknown.' In a thousand ways is filth a producer of disease. In the filthy degradation and poverty of Asiatic nations the cholera is produced. Yellow fever is always the direct product of filth, as are the typhus and typhoid fevers. The raging of the yellow fever at Shreveport, a few years ago, was the result of an almost utter failure to observe the simplest sanitary laws of cleanliness. The throwing of kitchen slops upon the ground, the failure to clean and ventilate cellars, the wrong construction of outhouses, and their close proximity to wells, and other similar sanitary neglects, are the invariable causes of typhus and typhoid fevers, and of many other diseases. Truly cleanliness is next to godliness. So long as we neglect these simple requisites of health we shall be sick and die unnecessarily. If one-half of all disease can be prevented, and one-half of the deaths avoided, does it not become a great and imperative moral and religious duty to attend to this matter? Ventilation, exercise, bathing, cleanliness, drainage, avoidance of excitement and proper rest; a few simple matters like these,

if carefully studied and their laws practiced generally, would produce this effect. Not only would it do this, but it would prevent a vast amount of unhappiness, general languor, dissatisfaction, irritability and crossness, that add so much to the present wretchedness of the world.

"Without doubt the drinking of alcoholic substances is a strong predisposing cause of disease, insanity, idiocy, pauperism and crime. In times of cholera as high as ninety per cent. of its victims are drinkers. In every way does intemperance destroy body, mind and feeling, and prepares the way for a race of criminals, paupers, idiots and prostitutes. The proofs of these statements are so many that none but a rash man can face them and continue to drink.

"Of all the methods by which mind affects body, the greatest and most important is that of the transmission from parents to children of physical, moral and religious conditions. We owe our children a good birth, as well as good breeding and education. The conditions upon which good birth depend, and their importance, are so well known, at least are so fully within reach of all, that neglect of this subject seems almost to be criminal. Maudsley tells us that 'multitudes of human beings come into the world weighted with a destiny against which they have neither the will nor the power to contend; they are the step-children of Nature, and groan under the worst of all tyrannies—the tyranny of a bad organization.' One of the teachings of modern physicians is this: that moral imperfection, or induced physical degeneracy, caused by alcohol or otherwise, will be inherited, entailing upon

generation after generation, disease, misery and moral degradation. A neglected pauper in New York was the starting point of a whole tribe of criminals, idiots and paupers. Moral perversion in the father or mother has often resulted in physical degeneracy, idiocy and pauperism in the children. 'Assuredly,' says Maudsley, 'of some criminals, as of some insane persons, it may be said they are born, not made; they go criminal, as the insane go mad, because they cannot help it; a stronger power than they can counteract has given the bias of their being.'

"Crime, idiocy, pauperism and prostitution are diseases which may be removed very largely by the means I have already suggested. In view of this fact, does it not become a religious duty, a duty of religious people, to try to do something to prevent these diseases? Physicians do little, the State does little to prevent these blots upon humanity. Might not the church do something, if, instead of talking so much about love, a spiritual life and the joy of believing, it carried out into the world and into the midst of its conditions, through these, a firm resolve and purpose to help humanity? Is not this whole subject a proper one for frequent pulpit discussion and for active church work? So it seems to me; and instead of being remote from religion to be intimately connected with the practical side of it. If in any sense the church is a reform institution, here is a work for it to do. I hope the time may not be very far distant when it will undertake systematically and faithfully to do at least some part of this work."

The Great Centennial Exhibition.

EXHIBITS OF WOMEN'S WORK.

THOUGH the exhibition of women's work in the Woman's Pavilion is not altogether satisfactory, much of it being puerile and literally valueless, still there is enough which rises to the first order of merit, to awaken in the community a sense never felt before, of the real breadth and importance of this work in the world. This sense will be intensified, if the visitor will but take the trouble to go through the other buildings of the Exhibition, and remark all the exhibits wholly or partially the results of women's skill. It is somewhat difficult to separate women's work from that of men, the two overlap and intertwine so constantly. But a little inquiry, more observation, and still more reflection, will lead to a tolerably accurate decision in almost every case.

In some instances there is no difficulty in determining the productions of women's labor, since the articles honestly bear the name of their manufacturer or producer. But in hundreds of instances, the work is undoubtedly a woman's, and the name of the exhibitor that of a man. There are almost numberless cases and departments in the Main Building, which exhibit the legitimate union of women's labor with men's capital; but the men's names are given—not the women's. There are exhibits of hats which women have lined and bound; shoes which women have bound and stitched; paper collars stamped and cut by women; undergarments they have woven; stockings knit by them; corsets, suspenders, braid, woollen, cotton and silk fabrics of all descriptions, fancy articles, toys, and innumerable other articles, all more or less manufactured by women. There are cases of magnificent dresses and mantles, millinery, artificial and wax flowers, ladies' underwear, etc., which bear the names of men only, but as regards the real sex of the makers there cannot be the slightest question. Go through the Turkish and Nubian Departments, and examine

the carpets, rugs, wall hangings and wonderful gold and silk embroideries. These are undoubtedly more or less the products of women's taste and skill. In the Italian Department there is a large display of straw goods, braided and manufactured by women. The coral and cameo establishments of the same country give employment to vast numbers of peasant women. The wonderful embroidered and applique screens on exhibition from China and Japan are largely the work of the women of those countries.

Coming to Denmark, we find there an interesting exhibit of terra cotta, manufactured by P. Ipsen's widow, embracing vases, urns, plates, statuettes, etc., in designs both antique and modern, beautifully decorated with flowers and figures, in arabesques of cream color and black, and bas reliefs.

Women of Brazil exhibit feather flowers and beetle jewelry. The women of Jamaica send delicately beautiful flowers made from the cuticle of the dagger plant; flowers and leaves from the scales and fins of lobsters and fish; hats, scarfs, fans, etc. From Bermuda come hats, fans and baskets. From Jamaica there is a sleeveless basque of point lace lined with green silk, and laces of various kinds. The women of Trinidad, Bahama, send shell work in fanciful designs, and exquisite necklaces, watch pockets, baskets and other articles, manufactured of beans. The hand-made laces of England are entirely the production of women. The costly laces from Belgium are largely designed and wholly made by women. From the time the flax is harvested until the fairy-like fabric is completed, the entire process is conducted by women, and men only step in to realize fabulous profits from women's work. Those magnificent tapestries in the French and Belgian Departments, are wholly the work of women, wrought by patient manual labor, on looms constructed for the purpose.

Of the many carpets on exhibition, many of them are designed, and still more woven by women. The

details of upholstery are largely in the hands of women. They also engage in the manufacture of candies and confections. The beautiful English, French and German china, which attracts the attention and challenges the admiration of every beholder, has been decorated by women.

In the United States Department of the Main Building is a case, the contents of which would never be mistaken for other than women's work, even if we were not informed of the fact. The case contains a shirt made by two women who have modestly withheld their names, the making of which occupied them for six months. It is hand-made, and there are sixty back-stitches to the inch, forty-seven gathers and one hundred over-cast stitches to the same space. None but women of the most frivolous sort would ever think of wasting time and risking eyesight on a piece of useless work like this. It is earnestly to be hoped that no one will accept the challenge to produce finer and more delicate needle-work than this if they can.

Next to this case is one of quite a different character. It contains sample garments prepared for women's wear by the Dress Reform Company of Boston. These garments are most simple in their construction. All pressure or multiplicity of thickness in the form of bindings about the waist is avoided. All weight of the clothing is suspended from the shoulders. These garments, if adopted, would result in a radical improvement of health among American women. The principle of these garments is simpler and preferable to Mrs. Flynt's complicated arrangements of women's underwear, on exhibition in the Woman's Pavilion.

Passing to the Book Department of the Main Building, we find that, though there are no women publishers represented, still women authors are honored with a place side by side with their brothers in literature, make almost as frequent appearance, and are favored with as attractive bindings. The show of women in literature is far more satisfactory here than in the ridiculously meagre display to be found in the Woman's Pavilion.

In the United States Government Building we see women engaged in making cartridges, and a woman operates the machine for making envelopes, which excites the wonder of all beholders. In Machinery Hall, we find women doing all manner of weaving, knitting, sewing and machine embroidering. We find them spooling silk and cotton, making envelopes, folding writing-paper, making watches, operating the type-writer, blowing glass, printing handkerchiefs, making needles and pins, packing soap and other articles, and occupied in many other ways.

In Agricultural Hall there are many indications of women's work. We find on investigation that women assist men in the cultivation and harvesting of the coffee berry. The hops for the beer, and the grapes for the wine, are both gathered by women. From Venezuela there are feather flowers, wax flowers and fruit, undoubtedly the product of women's skilled fingers.

There are cheeses from various countries, and canned and preserved fruits, probably prepared by women. Iowa exhibits a magnificent display of apples on one table, while on a table adjoining there are fac-similes of this fruit in wax, partly the work of Mrs. Greenland of Des Moines, so perfect in likeness that when they are placed together it is exceedingly difficult to tell the wax fruit from the real.

"Wright's Mince-Meat" is of Mrs. Wright's invention and manufacture. The "Farmers' Dried and Preserved Fruit" is probably the labor of the "farmers' wives."

The attentive observer in the different buildings will, if he put his observations together, discover that the manufacture of silk, after the mulberry trees are once planted by men, is, throughout the world, wholly in the hands of women. Women take care of the silkworms, they spin and sort the raw silk, and so on through all the processes—except possibly that of dyeing, which may be performed by men—up to the very last process of weaving. Almost the first sight to be seen in Machinery Hall is a woman from Lyons weaving silk. They buy these silks and wear them, and with the money thus provided, men find capital to carry on the manufactures. Men's only real part in the transaction seems to be that of selling and pocketing the profits.

In Memorial Hall and the Art Annex, women have redeemed themselves from the wretched exhibit made by them in the Art Department of the Woman's Pavilion. Here we find women's and men's pictures hanging side by side, and bearing comparison with one another. Miss G. Mutrie, of London, has produced two beautiful flower pieces, while lady painters of America—among them Miss V. Granberry—have done nearly as well. There are many creditable productions by women of nearly all nations. Sweden contributes the largest proportion of women's work among its pictures—paintings of the highest order of merit. In Sweden women have unparalleled facilities in art studies, and they have there demonstrated beyond doubt that all they require is opportunity and encouragement to fairly compete with men in art.

In sculpture, women have acquitted themselves nobly. Miss Foley's "Jeremiah" is a grand production. The four contributions by Vinnie Ream, to be seen in gallery C of Memorial Hall, will settle beyond dispute that lady's right to be considered an artist.

It is impossible in the limits of one short article to give a complete catalogue of all the women's work to be found at the Exhibition. But we are sure that we have indicated enough to prove that the Woman's Pavilion does not contain all, or specimens of all, that women have done or can do, leaving the rest of the Exposition to be essentially masculine. Men and women live together, and work together, and it is impossible to separate the results of their mutual labor without doing injustice to one or the other.

E. B. D.

Fashion Department.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

THE latest novelty which fashion presents to us, is a new coat, to be worn with a vest. It is always part of a suit, and is generally of silk or velvet, or of some of the matisse or damask goods. It resembles a dress coat, has long tails at the back, with outside pockets; or is like a Louis XV. coat, with square sides and large square pockets. It is cut away to show the long vest made of velvet, satin or kid, which is worn beneath. For full dress, the vest is much lighter than the overdress, and is richly embroi-

dered down the front and on the pockets. Several vests may be alternated with a single coat.

Cloaks are worn much longer, and the sleeves are very wide, or in Mandarin shape for smaller cloaks. Circular cloaks are also coming into favor. Feathers—ostrich, cock's feathers, peacock's eyes, and guinea feathers—are made into flat bands as trimmings for cloaks and hats. Fur is also worn upon cloaks.

The latest style of hat has either a pointed or high, square crown. Long streamers are worn, and ribbons tie under the chin. Scarfs are sometimes used, called "turbans," which are laid in folds on the crown, crossed

behind over the hair, and brought round in front to tie under the chin. Black net veils are worn in the same way, allowing a piece to cover half the face. Flat bands of feathers are set round the crown of hats, and cock's feathers are used in almost every imaginable device for trimming.

Among colors, cardinal red receives the most favor.

Next to it comes Lincoln green, which has taken the place of seal brown and navy blue. Indigo blue, dark gray and maroon rank next; these are used in combination with other colors or with lighter shades; green with apple green or linden green; dark blue with azure.

New Publications.

Every-Day Topics. A Book of Briefs. By J. G. Holland. New York: Scribner & Co. Under the head of "Topics of the Times," the editor of *Scribner's Monthly* has, during the last four or five years, written very sensibly, for the most part, about subjects of every-day interest; and with an independence of expression worthy of commendation. Social wrongs, weak pretences, shams, customs that enervate and lower the moral sentiments, religious intolerance and fanaticism, with kindred topics, have been discussed without fear or favor. The volume before us contains a selection of some of the best of these articles, and will be found a help to right views on a great variety of social subjects about which too many people think vaguely, or weakly, or wrongly. It is a good book.

Religion and the State; or, the Bible and the Public Schools. By Samuel T. Spear, D.D. New York: Dodd & Mead. The author of this work takes up in a clear and comprehensive manner the whole topic of the attitude of our Government toward religion and religious teaching. He argues that the introduction of any description of religious teaching into our public schools is utterly subversive of the principles upon which our Government is founded, and bears with heavy injustice upon many classes of people. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. McCullough & Co.

Jehovah-Jesus: the Oneness of God: the True Trinity. By Robert D. Weeks. New York: Dodd & Mead. This is a new and elaborate interpretation of the expressions of the Athanasian creed in regard to the Trinity. The author declares the absolute oneness of God, and that the Trinity only expresses His three natures. He holds that Christ is absolutely and unqualifiedly God, and that He was no less so when He was upon earth. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. McCullough & Co.

Friedrich Froebel. A Biographical Sketch, by Matilda H. Krieger. New York: E. Steiger. Froebel is known in this country as the originator of the Kindergarten system of education. Information concerning the man himself cannot fail to prove interesting to all who are familiar with the immense advantages which his method of instruction possesses over others. This book gives a brief biography of the man, followed by illustrated descriptions of the articles used in Kindergarten teaching. The book will prove an interesting one to all parents and teachers.

The Science and Art of Education. And Principles of the Science of Education. By Joseph Payne. New York: E. Steiger. This book is especially designed for the enlightenment of professional teachers, who would found their teaching upon a thoroughly scientific basis. The author demonstrates that education is a science, and that its methods should be elaborated into an art. He declares that the science should be built up on an investigation into the nature of the being to be educated, and into the phenomena which indicate and result in bodily, intellectual and moral growth. The subject of the book is a suggestive and important one.

Elsie's Motherhood. By Martha Farquharson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. This book is a sequel to "Elsie's Womanhood," and carries the heroine of several previous works very pleasantly still further along on the journey of life. The story will prove an attractive one for young girls.

Ten Cents. By Mary Dwinell Chellis. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House. This is a capital story for boys, inculcating the lesson of the advantages of economy, industry, benevolence, prudence and temperance, over habits of extravagance, self-indulgence and profligacy.

A Piece of Silver. By Josephine Pollard. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House. An interesting and instructive story for girls, teaching self-reliance and integrity of purpose, and the true Christian principle of returning good for evil.

Precept and Example; or, the Book of Wisdom. By John Warner Barber. Philadelphia: Bradley, Garretson & Co. This is a large, handsomely bound and handsomely printed book, embellished with numerous illustrations, and containing proverbs gleaned from the literature of all nations, with appropriate poems, anecdotes, reflections, and with brief biographical sketches of remarkable characters in ancient and modern history. The book is a valuable one, and will be welcomed in many households.

Todd's Country Homes. By Sereno Edwards Todd. Philadelphia: J. C. McCurdy & Co. It seems hardly necessary to recommend a work already so well and so favorably known to the public as this. It is, in fact, an encyclopedia of valuable information concerning the selection and construction of a home, together with all that pertains to home and farm life. It is one of the most valuable books which the young farmer can own, and should be found in every country home in the land.

Lady Ernestine; or, the Absent Lord of Rocheforte. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. This is a story of the French Revolution, in which the last representative of the family of D'Estrée figures prominently.

Hints and Helps for Woman's Temperance Work. By Miss Frances E. Willard, Corresponding Secretary of the Woman's National Christian Temperance Union. New York: National Temperance Society. Full of valuable suggestions to all workers in the temperance cause.

Water Lilies. New York: National Temperance Society. Among the choicest new books for the approaching holiday season is "WATER LILIES," a gift book for children, just issued by the National Temperance Publishing House in New York. It is elegantly illustrated with over a hundred full-page engravings, and beautifully bound; while the reading matter is replete with lessons of temperance, purity and morality. For sale in this city by J. C. Garrigues & Co.

Editor's Department.

The Fourth Woman's Congress.

THE fourth Congress of the Association for the Advancement of Women, met in Philadelphia, on the 4th, 5th and 6th of October. There was a good attendance of the members of the association, and large audiences were present at every session of the Congress. Prof. Maria Mitchell, of Vassar College, presided, and women whose reputations are almost world-wide, were to be seen upon the platform, and in the hall. Prof. Mitchell, a woman whose scientific acquirements exceeds those of most men, was the prominent figure upon the platform, with her grandly beautiful face, shaded by gray curls. Julia Ward Howe, in the garments of her widowhood, and her face still young and fresh looking despite her years, also occupied a prominent place upon the platform. Mrs. Howe has an international reputation. She can converse fluently in seven different languages, and is acquainted with the most abstruse sciences. Miss Peabody, with her motherly face, who is known as "the mother of Boston," and who is the champion of Kindergarten in this country, was also present, and spoke a few words in regard to her favorite hobby. The venerable Lucretia Mott, whose very appearance was greeted with a round of applause, could not, in spite of her years and feebleness, resist the temptation to come forward and say a few words of congratulation to women, that the good time so long promised for them was already coming. Mrs. Churchill, the lecturer and indefatigable journalist, not only read one of the best papers of the session, of her own, on "The Industrial Education of Women," but also read other papers for women who were absent, her clear, distinct utterance being heard without difficulty to the remotest part of the hall. The Rev. Antoinette Brown Blackwell, the Rev. Mrs. Hannaford, and two or three others, represented the clergywomen of America. There were women physicians almost without number, some of them professors in medical colleges, and many of them most successful in their profession; while the law was represented by Miss Lavinia Goodell, of Wisconsin, in a paper on "Women in the Legal Profession." Mrs. Edna D. Cheney, of Boston, a prominent member of the New England Woman's Club, and Miss Abby May, a recently-elected member of the Boston school board, both engaged in the discussion of subjects brought before the Congress. Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, the "queen of the American rostrum," was there, a noble, yet thoroughly womanly woman, and brought her practical common sense and shrewd humor to bear on more than one topic. Mrs. Lucy Stone, the woman suffrage champion, a sweet, motherly-looking woman, Miss Frances Willard, of Chicago, President of the Woman's National Temperance Association, Mrs. Dunniway, the energetic editor of the *New Northwest*, published at Portland, Oregon, and others of equal note, were to be seen, and occasionally to be heard.

The first paper of the Congress was by Prof. Mitchell, in which she ably demonstrated "The Need of Women in Science." The paper on "Psychology," by the Rev. Antoinette Brown Blackwell, was an exhaustive examination of the mental and nervous differences between men and women, and an argument in favor of their mental equality. The paper was thoroughly scientific, and threw new light upon many points.

"Art Education," by Mrs. Hicks, of Syracuse, N. Y.; "Homes for Unmarried Women," by Miss Sewall, of New Hampshire; "The Philosophy of Woman's Era," by Mrs. A. C. Bristol, of New Jersey; "Development of Character in Schools; or, What shall we do to be saved?" by Mrs. A. M. Diaz, author of the "William Henry Letters;" "Minstrelsy and Amatory Poetry;

its Legacy to Girls," by Mrs. Peckham, of Minnesota; "Paternity," by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe; "A Report on Reform," by Mrs. Ellen M. Mitchell, and "Woman and her Trimmings," by Mrs. E. S. Turner, of Philadelphia, were among the best papers presented before the Congress, though all were exceptionally good.

It is impossible to enter into an extended description of the doings of this Congress. About the only fault which can be found is, that many of the ladies read in too low a tone to be distinctly heard through the hall. All were well received by the audience, and frequent hearty bursts of applause testified that the speakers but uttered the sentiments of their hearers.

This Association for the Advancement of Women was formed some three years since, in order to gather together the wise and thoughtful women of the country, to consult upon domestic and social matters. But it has already outgrown its original purpose, and papers relating to almost every branch of human affairs were read and discussed.

This Woman's Congress is a significant fact. It shows that women can work together in organization, and can in that manner accomplish much good for their sex. Ten years ago, such an organization, had it been possible, could not have been successful. Women themselves would have been afraid of it; and the press, almost without exception, would have been unsparing of sarcasm and ridicule. When the first Congress met in New York City, it was reported with tolerable fairness by the papers of that city, though they could not quite resist the temptation to sneer. During its recent session in Philadelphia, not a paper had a word in derision. All spoke in terms of the highest respect of the deliberations of the women in council, while some of them devoted considerable space to the reports of the proceedings. There was also a reporter representing two English papers and a French paper, who took abstracts of the most valuable papers, and notes concerning the most prominent women of the association.

The women of the country should arouse themselves to the importance of this association. It offers to them advantages for combined effort for the advancement of their sex, unparalleled in the history of the world. It is doing a great work, and it should find friends and workers in every town in the land, where there is a single, earnest, intelligent woman, who appreciates the needs of the times as they affect women, and would do what she can to supply these needs.

Wedding Customs a Hundred Years Ago.

WATSON, in his "Annals of Philadelphia," has the following reference to some of the peculiar wedding customs that once prevailed in our city. The bride of to-day escapes a host of annoyances to which her great-grandmother was subjected:

"The wedding entertainments of olden times were very expensive and harassing to the wedded. The house of the parents would be filled with company to dine; the same company would stay to tea and supper. For two days punch was dealt in profusion. The gentlemen saw the groom on the first floor, and then ascended to the second floor where they saw the bride; there every gentleman, even to one hundred in a day, kissed her. Even the plain Friends submitted to these things. I have known rich families which had one hundred and twenty persons to dine—the same who had signed the certificate of marriage at the Monthly Meeting; these also partook of tea and supper. As they formerly passed the Meeting twice, the same entertainment was repeated. Two days the male friends would call and take punch; and all would kiss the bride. Besides this, the married pair for two weeks

saw large tea-parties at their home, having in attendance every night the groomsmen and bridesmaids. To avoid expense and trouble, Friends have since made it sufficient to pass but one Meeting. When these marriage entertainments were made, it was expected also that punch, cakes and meats should be sent out generally in the neighborhood, even to those who were not visitors in the family."

Christmas.

As the years go by, more and more clearly comes breaking in upon us above the world's discords that old song of the angels—"Peace on earth; good-will"—which, through so many dark and dreary ages, men have listened for almost in vain, until, half despairing, its memory has been to them little more than a dream of the past instead of a glad prophecy of the future.

A new life is dawning upon the world, and with every returning anniversary of the time when this song broke on the shepherds' ears, a wave of the peace and good-will that is coming down into the hearts of men and women flows out with a strong impulse, and is felt in homes and social circles, in churches and neighborhoods. The common thought is not "What shall I receive?" but "What shall I give?" "How shall I make others happy?"

It is this sympathy with others that gives to Christmas its honor and its blessing, and makes it the gladdest and most glorious festival of the year.

"The truest and highest family festivity," says an English writer, "is the feast of human brotherhood, of Christian charity; the consciousness in it of having ministered to the festivity of others; that some will have a Christmas dinner, who but for me would have been without it; that some will have warm clothing whom the cold would have pinched; and that there is no one, however poor himself, who curses me in my riches, who is not glad at my prosperity, whose blessing may not come upon me as I sit at my table, or around my fire."

"No! a Christmas dinner, however sumptuous, cannot be a happy one, when a man wins no love outside his dining-room, when he has no reason to think that a single soul blesses him, when he would rather anticipate from those who think of him at all something very different from a blessing."

"And festivities may not be so multiplied as to become the business of life, interfere with its vigorous work or its earnest feeling. They are but the well-earned relaxations of the busy and the faithful. The wickedest, the most doleful of all lives, is that of the man who has no business but amusement. No man is so little to be envied as the mere pleasure-taker."

"Let the chief pleasures of life be family pleasures. Parents mistake greatly who do not, so far as their means permit, fill their homes with reasonable means of amusement—art, music and games; who drive their sons and daughters, from stern, or sombre, or insipid fire-sides, to places of festivity elsewhere. Home pleasures—pleasures in which sisters and parents participate—are safe pleasures; as are also the pleasures to which parents can take their children. Let no parent be ashamed of going with his family to wholesome places of amusement; or deem either his time or money mispent. Dangerous pleasures are the solitary pleasures which young men seek from home."

"Hence we claim festivities for Christ; throw around them the open and glad sanctions of His broad human religion. Let the hard, gray lights of our life be colored and warmed by hearty, social joy. He who went to the marriage feast, who often sat at rich men's tables, intended this. He would bless and sanctify our entire life."

"Rejoice, then, in your Christmas festivities, be thankful for God's bounties to you, and make others partakers of them. String such goodly pearls of life as God may have given you. Welcome your children

with mirth as well as with thankfulness. Let your homes be full of laughter. Give the day to gratitude and joy. If you have enemies, forgive them. Settle the moral account of the year under sanctions of your Christmas joy. And it will enhance the joy of your home that its atmosphere is a religious one; that the angels' song is in your ears, and the birth of the Holy Child in your thought. It will not sadden it to think of those who suffer, to 'send a portion to those for whom none is prepared;' and to breathe a prayer of sympathy for those whose Christmas light is darkened, whose family gathering has its sad blanks and desolations, and for whose family circle there is no laughter, but only gathering tears."

Pictures in the Exhibition.

"MISTRESS DOROTHY."

WE purpose giving in the HOME MAGAZINE for the coming year engravings of some of the fine pictures and works of art and industry that were exhibited in the great Centennial Exposition which has just closed in Philadelphia. To those who have seen the Exhibition these will be pleasant reminders, and to those who missed that pleasure they will afford some idea of the beauty, skill and perfection of art which were there displayed.

Visitors will remember the charming picture in the English collection by G. A. Storey, of which we present an engraving this month. "MISTRESS DOROTHY" is a fresh, sweet English girl of a period dating back for two or three generations, when life was simpler and more natural than now, and when the 'squire's daughter knew less of French manners, French novels and French millinery than of her father's poultry-yard and the daily duties of the household. The gauntlets she is drawing on are not so fine of fit and finish as Jouvin's or Alexander's, but they cover pure, soft hands for all that; hands familiar with useful work and deeds of charity. An admirer of the picture says of "Mistress Dorothy," with a little poetic fervor: "The crystal pellucidity of her eyes has never been crossed by ugly shadows of skepticism and speculation. Doubtless she has sine of her own to account for, and to ask expiation from, as she humbly kneels at her dimity pillow by night; but the sins of the bluff Hanoverian period have a certain innocence about them; one can see that the heroines of Miss Burney's novels have never let their teeth quite meet in the apple of knowledge. Now-a-days we should have to dive very deep into the country wilderness to meet such a gem of simplicity."

Illustrated Catalogue of the Centennial International Exhibition.

THE publishers, Messrs. Gebbie & Barrie, of this city, have already issued twelve numbers of their "ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF THE CENTENNIAL INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION," designed to present the public through the medium of first-class wood and steel engravings with a lasting and beautiful memorial of the world's industry, as exhibited in Philadelphia. The work is to be completed in forty numbers, and will contain, besides the descriptive letter-press, upwards of fifty steel and many hundreds of wood engravings, representing the finest paintings and sculptures exhibited in Memorial Hall; the master-pieces of industrial art exhibited in the Main and other buildings; and the most wonderful and lesser-known scientific and mechanical inventions exhibited in Machinery and Agricultural Halls.

The best artists and finest engravers of wood and steel have been engaged on this work, and the first twelve numbers, now before us, attest the beauty and perfection of the work. It is sold only by subscription. Price fifty cents a number.

The Kindergarten.

A LITTLE volume, which we notice elsewhere in this number of the HOME MAGAZINE, giving a biographical sketch of Froebel, the originator of the Kindergarten, ought not only to attract attention to itself, but to awaken an interest in the subject of Kindergartens. The Kindergarten is so recent an introduction into this country, that it is not strange if many do not understand its purpose, or its methods of working. Its purpose is to train the faculties of almost the youngest children in a systematic manner; and it employs methods which amuse the child at the same time that it is receiving instruction. The Kindergarten system is not abstract training of the memory, and a mechanical drill in words, phrases and ideas, the meaning of which only comes in later years. The hand and the eye are trained in simple and pleasant but thoroughly scientific ways; and thus in the earliest childhood the best foundations for the education of the future artist or artisan are laid.

Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody, under whose auspices the Kindergarten was first introduced into this country, and who still watches its progress with motherly solicitude, says of it: "The new method of education not only ensures healthy physical development, but trains the artistic imagination, the scientific mind, and the skilful hand of labor; and this, without taking the child out of the innocence of the childish sphere of imagination and affection."

E. Steiger, of New York, makes Kindergarten literature a specialty. He has printed several books upon the subject, and keeps a full supply of all Kindergarten materials. Those who desire to familiarize themselves with the subject, cannot do better than to apply to him for his catalogue, which will show them how they can best obtain information concerning Kindergartens.

Our New Serial.

IN the January number of the HOME MAGAZINE will be commenced one of our new serial stories for 1877. It is by MARIAN C. L. REEVES, author of "Wealthorne," and is entitled

"OLD MARTIN BOSCAWEN'S JEST."

In descriptive power, strong characterization and delicate analysis of feeling, Miss Reeves possesses remarkable ability; and our readers may look for a story of absorbing interest.

Among the new and popular story-writers already engaged for the coming year, is MRS. LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON, one of the most talented and graceful of American authors. We hope to present our readers with one of her charming stories in the next number of the magazine, which will be one of more than usual attractions.

The "Home" a Welcome Visitor.

FOR over twenty-three years our magazine has been an annual and welcome visitor in many thousands of American homes, and there are now subscribers on our list who have taken it from the very beginning, and who could not be induced to give it up for any other magazine published. They have learned that its publishers always keep their promises; that the interest of its pages never flags; that its literature is of the highest character; and its illustrations equal in artistic merit to those of any other magazine. And still beyond this, that in its peculiar character and varied departments it is more thoroughly identified with the people in their common life and social interests than any other first-class periodical in the country. And this is why it is so welcome a visitor to their homes.

Publishers' Department.

HOME MAGAZINE FOR 1877.

AS we have already said, there will be no change in any of the distinctive features of the HOME MAGAZINE for the coming year; only a new and higher interest in all of its Departments. To our admirable corps of contributors, which now includes some of the most popular authors of the day, we shall add new writers, in order to secure for our readers the largest possible variety of literary attractions. In nothing will the HOME MAGAZINE recede from its advanced position among the periodicals of the day. Its way is steadily onward and upward.

TO OUR CLUB-GETTERS.

We would call the particular attention of our club-getters to the fact, that an **Important Reduction in Club Rates** has been made for the coming year. This will not only enable them to make up their clubs more easily, but in many cases to enlarge them. We would also call their attention to the fact that we offer the **Largest Premium** ever given for a club of subscribers at the lowest club rates. This Premium is a copy of our Great National Picture of "ALL THE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES," *handsomely framed in heavy walnut and gilt moulding, and ready for hanging.*

OUR CORPS OF WRITERS.

Our literary arrangements for next year will afford the readers of the HOME MAGAZINE a continual feast of good things. We cannot now give the names of all the talented authors who will contribute to its pages; but among them will be the following:

JULIA C. R. DORR,	PIPESWAY POTES,
LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON,	LAURA J. DAKIN,
VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,	MARY E. CABELL,
ROSELLA RICE,	HESTER A. BENEDICT,
MRS. E. B. DUFFEY,	SUSAN B. LONG,
MARIAN C. L. REEVES,	E. CHARDON,
T. S. ARTHUR,	"LICHEN,"
HELEN R. MITCHELL,	CHATTY BROOKS,
JNO. B. DUFFEY,	M. T. ADKINS,
MADGE CARROL,	M. E. COMSTOCK.

With many others, well known to, and favorites with, our readers, whose pens will crowd the successive numbers of the magazine with articles of the highest interest.

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Its literature is pure and elevating, and it never contains a line or word offensive to good taste.

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A MATTER OF POPULAR INTEREST.

We condense from the *Lehigh Register* the substance of a conversation about Oak Hall, in Philadelphia, Wanamaker & Brown's "Largest Clothing House in America." A visitor and attendant are the speakers:

Visitor. "What corner is the Building on?"

Attendant. "South-East corner of Sixth and Market. Please note the SIXTH, for some strangers seeking Oak Hall, have been misled by designing persons."

V. "It is perfectly colossal! Do you know its dimensions?"

A. "12,000 square feet—66 on Market, and 190 odd on Sixth, six stories high, has over three acres of flooring, and covers space once occupied by more than twenty different business places."

V. "Do you use steam-power?"

A. "A giant young engine furnishes power for the freight and passenger elevators, and the boilers steam for heating, and the other operations of the house."

V. "What order do you take with goods?"

A. "They are first opened and arranged in the basement, on long low counters, and taken thence on the freight elevator to the inspector's room on the fifth floor."

V. "Is inspecting the first operation?"

A. "No, sir, measuring. The goods are first measured in the piece, then inspected. The cloth passes over rollers in the face of a strong light, and two men sit, one before and one behind the goods, watching with the eye of a hawk for the least pin-hole imperfection, and marking every flaw, so that the cutter may see and avoid it when he comes to cut the garments."

V. "You must employ an army of cutters?"

A. "Come to our fifth floor, and see! We keep 70 hands all the time cutting up the cloth into garments,—besides the machines that do a dozen men's work each at a stroke."

V. "Do you manufacture all your own goods?"

A. "We do, and most carefully. Our examiners inspect every stitch and seam, and certify to every garment as extra-well made before we put our ticket on it, and become responsible for it."

V. "Your system must save you a great deal?"

A. "In every direction, sir. It is the system and economy we practice all the way through, that enables us to put our prices down to the people as we do."

V. "After inspecting the work, what becomes of it?"

A. "Before it goes into Stock it is ticketed. Every single garment has its number and other points noted on it, so that its entire history can be traced without fail, upon our books."

V. "You must have 30 or 40 salesmen?"

A. "Why, sir, on busy days you may see 100 in the various rooms and suites of rooms, selling to the throngs of customers."

V. "Do you do an order business, by mail and express?"

A. "Very great. All over the country. Our

perfect system and rules of self-measurement make it possible to please people 2,000 miles away just as perfectly as if they were here in person."

V. "I suppose you have at least half a dozen different departments?"

A. "My dear sir! we have more than twenty, each charged with its own business, and each thoroughly organized, a necessary wheel within the great wheel."

V. "Will you name a dozen or so of them?"

A. "With pleasure. The Custom Department, for those who prefer custom-made to ready-made. The Furnishing Department, with its immense stock of all underwear. The Shirt Factory, with its busy machines, making our own first-class shirts. The Trimming Department, itself as big as many a regular store. The Garment Stock Room. The Receiving Room. The Order Department, named before. The Special Uniforms Department. The Delivery Department, with its score of messengers. The—"

V. "Hold, hold! sir, enough!"

A. "I'm not half through! The Advertising Department, with its bill and sign distributors, editing and publishing a business and popular journal, circulating, free, 50,000 copies monthly (tell all your friends to send for it). The Men's Department, with its many rooms. The Boys' Department. The Youths' Department. The Children's Department, with its special entrance for ladies. The Telegraph Department. The Chief Clerk's Department, with its book-keepers and assistants. General Manager's Department; Financier's Office, and other offices of the firm; all busy as bees thinking, planning, executing, buying, making, registering, receiving, sending out, selling, and in a thousand ways joining their forces to carry on a business with the people amounting to between \$2,000,000 and \$3,000,000 annually."

V. "S-t-u-p-e-n-d-o-u-s!"

A. "Indeed it is! I forgot to name the Cashier's Department, which handles its \$25,000 of retail sales on some single days!"

V. "\$25,000! Immense! That's what enables the house to buy cheap and sell cheap?"

A. "Exactly! You have just hit it. The people throng here, knowing that we depend on low prices and immediate sales."

V. "What are the 'FOUR RULES' I hear so much about?"

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V. "Nothing could be fairer."

A. "Nothing. And the people see it."

V. "Well, I thank you, sir, for your polite attention."

A. "Not at all. It's a pleasure to serve you. Call again; and be sure of the place—Wanamaker & Brown's Oak Hall, South-East corner Sixth and Market."

V. "Thank you! I shall be happy to do so. Good morning."



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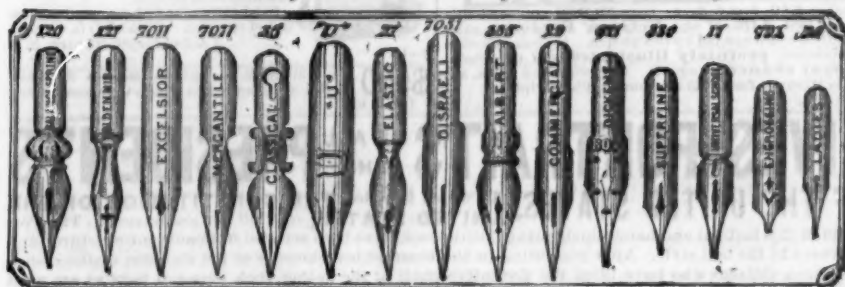
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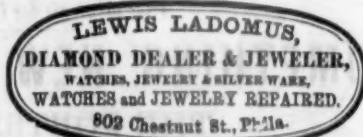
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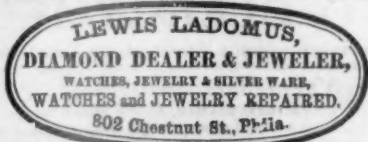
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